# SUNDAYTIMES TO THE SUNDAYTIMES T

et après les crêpes suzettes. CHARTREUSE



# STARTS THIS WEEK WITH FOUR PAGES OF THE ARTS

#### Philip Oakes meets a best-seller who is

THE detective story, my Watson, nothing is entary any more. Quirky eleuths who ponder their leuths who ponder their lems over the vintage port int of style; but so is the shoot-out. Private eyes horn of their wisecracking taries. Wbodunit matters than why. "Crime" says Macdonald, wbo's been g the subject for twenty-years or so, "is no longer uple entertainment. Nor is the writing. It is a device for e writing. It is a device for ig through to life itself." s twenty-second novel, The arground Man (out Novem-1; Collins; £1.50) makes

point plain. As always it ires Macdonald's detective Lew Archer, a world-y shamus whose gun lies in his shoulder holster e a benign tumour." The includes abduction. h, and deception. But The mystery which ges Archer lies in the led past of the protagon-It's painfully close to the things are. "Reality," Macdonaid, "is my

s not damped down his llarity. Macdonald's world s are well over five million.
enjoys the income, and
in the fan-mail ("I get
firs from professors, but the
its I'm quickest to answer
those from the under-"). But be derives his itest pleasure from his own wing expertise, which has n him to the top of the ne tree, and beyond. "I am riter of detective stories, ourse. But now I am trying take them serve more than purpose. The detective is a truly democratic al. It can explain one part society, or one generation mother. Also, I think, the ctive is a good guide to complex and changing

urite word."

e's fifty-five now; a rumpled ser, tall and tanned from days in the Californian sun-lives on a hilltop in Santa bara with his wife, the her Margaret Millar, and r animals—an eleven-year-cocker spaniel, and a big, ers from hip dysplasia, bnt
proves himself fit by dunkhimself daily, witbout
ndants, in the Millar's

be feelings of both people animals concern Macdonald ply. He bad a bleak childmed early by alienation" he "They are all crippled dren grown up. And, of

îrse, I înclude myself." ught by family troubles be derwent psychotherapy.





ahead. I needed help, and I got it. What it did for me was take me deeper into life.

Almost certainly be's right. But Macdonald's basic equipd His parents split up when ment as a writer was already was a boy, and with his there be gypsied over much canada, living in borrowed ms. "I think writers are in debt to his tutor. "In one stroke he taught me to simplify my style. What's more, he gave me the feeling that European literature helonged to me just as much as it did to him."

He earned his doctorate with a thesis on Coleridge, taught I reached the point when I at college, and subsequently ild not see anything clearly served in the Navy. After his

THE CRISIS at the Whitedischarge he settled in Caliof artists, comes under public scrutiny next Tuesday. Then the Institute of Contemporary Arts will stage an open debate on the future of a Victorian establishment run by a board of trustees whose constitution fornia-a lucky decision which gave him not only a bome, but also a rich terrain to explore as a writer. Raymond Chandler was already at work there, hut Macdonald (wbo acknowledges Cbandler as his early master) brought a different approach. "Essentially, I think, Chandler was a romantic, and so's his private eye, Philip Marlowe. You remember his essay about the detective as hero?... Down these mean streets a man must go

mean streeta a man must go and so on. Well, a lot of crime does go on in those mean streets, for sure. And California has plenty of them. But Chandler saw things in black and white. And I believe

that the fabric of American society is much more intricate." The novels are peopled with junkies, nymphomaniacs, cops both honest and corrupt, conmen and fall-guys, predators and victims: a motley crew, but all of them vividly at home in Macdonald's sad moralities. Most of the books, he aays, start with a single idea but months of work goes into their preparation. For background material be attends trials. "They form a matrix of know-They form a matrix of knowledge. I'm interested in arson and robbery, but—above all—murder. It has the effect of illuminating in a lurid way the area of society in which the crime was committed. It'a amazing to me how the truth of the lives of the people involved is revealed. What comes out is a terrible truth which is almost impossible to accept, but which is vital to our understanding."

It's significant, be thinks, that there are virtually no thrillers being written which applaud the establishment. "We've become too critical of government and its servants to make them beroes. No writer interested in society is interested in presenting the official point of view. I've nothing against the police. But they need savage criticism to keep them efficient."

Macdonald is himself a militant on the question of con-servation. He has protested and written copiously against oil spillage on the Santa Barbara coast, and pleads passionately for the preservation of the wilderness near his bome where the few remaining pairs Californian condor

He reckons to spend a year on a book. But there bave been times when he has laboured for three months on an early chapter, and be recalls plough ing through twelve drafts of another section. There's no other way for him, and be's not even seeking one.

Raymond Chandler once complained about the 'immense intellectual labour' that goes into a book. But I suppose I was trained for it. And I'm quite sure about this: if I wasn't allowed to work as I do, I would be utterly lost."

television serial, and all the

men and women merely hit players. Tonight, we improvise,

as every night, making up our

own dialogue as we go along boping that the red light will

remain on, and the microphone stay alive, to the end of sen-

tence. We know only the rough

outline of the plot, so that each

documentary and fiction is just an academic nicety. Fantasy is as revealing as fact. The best

we can bope for is a half-truth.

As the camera noses into

more and more forbidden sanc-

tums (only one vote keeps it

everyone will have his minute

to atrut and fret upon the hox, if only waving to Aunty from

the stadium barrier. God's eye

may no longer stare through

the great peep-hole in the sky.

Deus nhsconditus—prohably
tuned to another channel on

another planet. Instead, the

electronic eye is everywhere, enabling us to peer at the fascinating, ordinary trivia of

other people's daily existence:

the slum dweller gawping at the Queen at home, and no doubt the Royals rubher-necking at the tramps.

Two programmes last week explored the parallel worlds which exist unseen around us,

just a brick wali away. Jeremy

Sandford's Edna, the Inebriate Woman (BBC1) was slotted under "Play for Today," yet it was embossed with the hall-

mark of actuality as indelible as any live outside broadcast

under the beading of "News."

The title was perhaps mislead-

ing—the surprising thing about Edna was not that she drank,

but that sbe was not per-

petually drunk. In a society

where alcobol is still the opiate of the successful why should

out of the House of Commons)

Better often an outright lle.

chapel art gallery, East End halfway house for generations

# FIGHT FOR LIFE

of artists, comes under public scrutiny next Tuesday. Then the Institute of Contemporary Arts will stage an open debate on the future of a Victorian establishment run by a board of trustees whose constitution was fixed 70 years ago.

Two fundamental questions should be raised at that meet. Two fundamental puestions ing, to be attended by the gallery's resigning director, Mark Glazebrook. Snould a new director be appointed hefore the board and its constitution undergo radical alteration? And, what is more important, does the White-chapel have any function to perform in the Seventies?

Change is under way. "We are seriously looking at what are seriously looking at what are seriously looking at what an annual £30,000. They could more people visited the gallery an an annual £30,000. They could work on no less, they said. The annual average of the done," says Lord Bearstead, chairman of the trustees whose constitution of the fitteen organisations and of function the proposition of the fitteen organisations and of money. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for noney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for only £17,000, mostly Arts on only £17,000, mostly Arts on only £17,000, mostly Arts on only £17,000, mostly arts in its six-weeks run, excelled some exhibitions, excelled some exhibitions, or customers eager for knowney. It is why Mark of lazebrook left. He found for the flazebrook left. He found for the East End. 206,000 people wisited a panorama of English art in its six-weeks run, excelled some exhibitions, or customers e

bere in January, is a collection of Yevtushenko's poems trans-lated by such writers as Ferlinghetti, John Updike and

STEPHEN HOLLIS, one-time

Allen Ginsberg.

Palace deal

figures lower. It lived with that paradox.

But Robertson, prime radar screen for tracking talent, was doing a job for British and American art in the 1960s, now usurped by the Tate and the Hayward. The modest means of the Whitechapel can no longer compete. Should the gallery, then, face reality and close down? Or should it ape the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris and fill a gap in London not yet closed by the V and A? Radical changes are needed if part of the London scene is to survive. They can only be instigated by one responsible body—the Ministry of Education. Mrs Thatcher, the problems are all yours? American art in the 1960s, now.







Michael Meyer Geoffrey Hill

assistant at the Watford Palace, has returned there as full artistic director. When his new season opens in February it will switch from two-Big Beer weekly to three-weekly rep and THE FIRST Whithread £1,000 offer some meaty plays, with meaty parts for some famous Awards were made last week. We wondered what the winners meaty actors. Programme so far: Molière's Don Juan, Romeo and Juliet, Ladies in Retirement, The Baccbae, and Tennessee Williams' Orpbeus

We wondered what the winners were up to now.

Michael Meyer, winner for his Ibsen study: "I'm writing a play for Tbeatre 69 on John Milton. I'm intrigued bow that champion of liberty found himself finally as the Goebbels of Cromwell's Commonwealth. I'm drawn to the lonely writer."

Gerda Charles, winner for her novel The Destiny Waltz: "I know I'm always thought of Descending. That may stop audiences bopping on the Tube for the West End.

"I know I'm always thought of as an Anglo-Jewisb writer, but this time I'm working on an Israeli theme. It's set at the time of the six-day war. You see, I went to Israel and feli in love with it."
Geoffrey Hill, winner for his

poetry volume Mercian Hymns: 'I'd rather be reticent."

# from the nuseum's own cellars. Prints and drawings explore philanthropy in the 18th and 19th centuries. They are looking at bospitals, alms bouses, asylums and Fancy Fairs—bazaars run by rich ladies for the underprivileged. Opens the underprivileged. Opens next Wednesday. Ode to food

DINNER for forty, James. Or is it Sancho? The Centre Poets (Eileen Warren and David Tribe—we ran a poem of his two months ago). have a novel idea for spreading the word. On November 11 they've taken the Sancho Pariza restaurant in London's Fulham Road. For £3.50 you'll get drinks, eats, poets and poetry; Don Luis Villaba, the cultural minister at the Spanish Embassy, and dancing till two If it works there'll he more, Ring them at 352 7409.

**KENNETH PEARSON** 



ful images have made him a universally acknowledged spokesman for our times. has been accorded the unique distinction. for n British artist, of n retrospective exhibition of the Grond Palais in Paris; opening next Wednesday, it will contain 134 paintings. Bacon's work, and n new study of him hy John Russell, shortly to be puhlished by Thames & Hudson, will be discussed in The Sunday Times by Pierre Schneider, art critic of L'Express.

#### Keaton capers

Charity show

THE LONDON Museum, always

full of imaginative ideas for

crowd-pulling exhibitions, is

lining up its latest. Who Cared? is the title of a show culled

SEAN HIGNETT, whose novel A Cut Loaf, Michael Joseph launched two weeks ago, bas just completed a mixed-media play commissioned by the Prospect Theatre company. Basically, it's a life story of Buster Keaton with actors, songs and clips from old movies. Before that, this week in fact, Hignett's new play And Did He Come? opens at the Edinburgb Traverse. It concerns the sexual bang-ups of a couple called, strangely, Joseph and Mary.

# bt appointment to her majeste the queen, coldsmites and crown jewellers, garrard &l co. Lid., london



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#### All the world's at home to TV says Alan Brien transient drop-outs, the walk-ing wounded of the class war, ALL THE WORLD'S now a

#### TRUE TO LIFE

ON OTHER PAGES

LOOK! My starving husband, 38; Molly Parkin dresses thin girls 39

Lyndon Johnson's memoirs

will start next week

dregs of its hottles his central character a woman, instalment in our psycho-drama ends as a cliff-hanger. We are all professional performers, and the difference hetween

even though women are a minority down there in the hilges and sewers of the lower depths. The tramp is a cliché, summoning up that conditioned response, that automatic image, which paralyses thought. Patricia Hayes'a Edna, an androgynous pixie, face like a scrumpled wash-cloth, wiry and active as a retired footballer, childish and ageless, was a genuine human being. She compelled us to react freshly and immediately, especially directed by Ted Kotcheff with

his swift conjurer's images. Some of the stopovers on ber restless journey from nowhere to nowhere were places described as "Dicken-The adjective contains the hidden assumption that these are relies of unhappy, far-off days, if not long aholished at least slated to be demolished tomorrow morning. The truth is, as the play demonstrated, that many of these

not those society brands as ruined barn, or the camp on failures, as the dregs, drain the the homb site are disappearing. The affluent society can find Sandford was wise to make more profitable use for them, so that the wanderers are driven out, like Red Indians their reservationswhere, though often miserable and exploited, they could look their exploiters in the eye, and combat their misery by their own communal rituals. The replacements, where they exist, are clinical and authoritarian, part of a Final Solution to the Failure Question.

There are some 14,000 of our fellows down there, part of an estimated 100,000 for whom the net of the Welfare State has too many boles. As the discussion on Late Night Line-Up (BBC2) afterwards suggested, their need is as urgent and important as that of any other sick people. We provide for those dying on their backs, wby not for those dying on their feet?

Another approach, a variant technique, to illuminate the same area, was attempted in World in Action (ITV) which examined our Social Security ancient refuges, such as the machine at work. Here were common lodging bouse, or the tbe temporary missits, the

appeared were the actual officials and the actual victims. Jeremy Wallington's team brought them into the spotlight and by that very process dramatised the gap between the resentful, angry, confused and shamed feelings of those who have to queue for help from the state and the cold, kind, mechanical, irritated reactions of those who are paid to administer that help. But the camera could only

some of whom might one day join Edna and her friends on

the road. This time, those wbo

penetrate so far. Down came the blank wall of Whiteball regulations. Real live interviews could not be televised hecause this would have breached the rule of confidentiality. A third party could not eavesdrop, even if the second party was willing. The suspi-cion stirred that the real reason was to protect the first party. Wallington's compromise

the civil servants giving typical advice—seemed at first point-less. All Government departments do their best for every body, in theory. What we wanted to see was them in action (after all that is the name of the game) and in prac-tice. The tone of voice, the use of language, is all here. But the device worked. We beard the invisible claimant telling his sad, complex, per-sonal story and then the official, atandard, general bromides doled out according to the England is still two nations.

If television does not exist to show us our own faces as they might bave heen, had we been horn a few miles away in space, a few years away in time, then all its comedy playhouses, star-studded spectaculars, matches of the day, classic serials, arts programmes, are so much icing on a mildewed cake.

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# Handel and Wagner

#### MUSIC | DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

ALTHOUGH Handel is one of the greatest of all composers, one is often glad not to be one of those professional Handelians who feel obliged to prove through thick and thin the dramatic quali-ties and stageworthiness of his forty Operas and even of the English oratorios which were not intended for the atage.

The trouble is that Handel him-self can make things so awkward for his apologists. Take the case of Ottone, which has just enjoyed a most successful revival at Sadler'a Wells by the Handel Opera Society in a clear English version by Andrew Porter. Our leading Handel scholar, Winton Dean, devotes a long article to this opera in the current Musical Times in the course of which he Times, in the course of which be summarises the complex and sometimes absurd plot in such a way as to reduce the reader to way as to reduce the reader to tears, of laughter or despair, and goes on to tell us of performances under the composer's direction in which music was "shifted from one character to another" and the melody of one aria could appear "in four contexts in three different operas during the course

of a single year."

Nor was "Ottone" an exceptional victim of such rough treat ment; again and again, when re-viving his pleces (hoth Italian and English) for altered circumstances. Handel seams to have flung notions of dramatic con-sistency to the winds. That he possessed a keen dramatic sense and a strong power of charac-terisation is clear enough. How then can we explain his later behaviour? It is almost as though, having once aatisfied his dramatic instinct in the process of composition, he thereafter said to himself in cynical tones, "I'm an early eighteenth-century man, and nobody of my time—certainly no Englishman—cares a fig for dramatic veracity so long as his favourite soprano or castrato

has plenty to do . . so here goes, and here goes, ruthlessly wielding his scissors and paste.

An unusually strong cast (with one evident weakness) combined forces with the Society's excellent chorus and the English Chamber Chapter to give under Chapter Orchestra to give, under Charles Farncombe's direction, a hrilliant and beautiful account of the original version of the opera, which often shows Handel at the peak of bis powers. The royal title-role was sung and acted by Anna Reynolds in a nobly affecting style that made one long to see ber some day as Gluck's orpheus. The best of the other singers were Patricla Kern as Otto's rather martial cousin making was the large and very

Matilda and Antony Raffall as a blustery basso prince turned pirate; all these made their words pirate: all these made their words very clear, whereas Josephine Barstow's ambitious matriarch and Sally Le Sage's justifiably bewildered beroine, for all the distinction of their Handelian line, often left us guessing. Terence Emery's designs and Douglas Craig's production were for the most part sensible and effective; laugbs, though not avoided, were not encouraged. The Society's second production, Susanna, was much inferior. The treatment of the lascivious Elders (Duncan Robertson and

The treatment of the lascivious Elders (Duncan Robertson and Eric Shilling, good singers) was crudely farcical, and their innocent victim (Jeanette Sinclair) was in tremulous voice; so that the chief pleasure of the evening was afforded by Wendy Eathorne's pure singing of the young Daniel's "Chastity" aria and by the great choruses, which are however almost entirely untheatrical and present, on stage, a body of citizens who at one moment have a godlike knowledge of the truth and next knowledge of the truth and next minute can cheerfully report that "Susanna is guilty, Susanna must

THREE WAGNER recordings, each occupying five discs, mark the start of the autumn season of opera at home. Of these, hy far the most important is the HMV/ Karajan Meistersinger (SLS 957, £11.40): trehly important hecause there has been no previous stereo

recording engineers in Dresden's Lukaskirche, and because this is surely Wagner's finest achieve-ment. Superhuman in ceaseless fertility of invention and firm control of a vast design, "Die Meistloger" is at the same time among the most human and charitable of all works of art.

Karajan himself and the Dresdner Staatskapelle and cborus are the main heroes of the occasion. A glow of happiness seems to bave enveloped all con-cerned in the project; and count-less lesser strands of tone that we rarely hear in the theatre, both orchestral and vocal, further increase our wonder at the familiar but inexhaustihle score. From the orchestra, with its golden strings and meliow brass, I cannot resist singling out for praise one individual: tha mar-vellously teni-i first clarinet. What of the soloists? Good, but

less uniformly so than the rest. less uniformly so than the rest. Karajan, having deliberately chosen a very youthful Eva and Walther, has expressed unbounded satisfaction with the result; but, fine as Helen Donath and René Kollo sound in all their lighter exchanges, neither of them quite rises to the hig moments, where their tone remains too thin for comfort. Save perhaps for Narman Bailey, there is doubtess no better Sacha now available than Theo Adam,

version worth our attention, be- who enunciates beautifully and cause of the amazing beauty of has all the right ideas about his sound obtained by performers and great part—but not quite the great part—but not quite the vocal means to realise them. Peter Schreler is a lively David, Sir Geraint Evans a brilliant Beck-messer, and Karl Ridderbusch a serene Pogner whose address to the Guild is pure poetry.

I cannot feel equally enthusiastic about either of two DGG sets (both £9.35 until the end of January). Parsifat (2724 034) emanates, like its still available Knappertsbusch predecessors of 1951 and 1962, from Bayreuth, where it was recorded under Boulez during the Festival of 1970. Neither in the theatre nor on these records can I accept the widely admired Boulez reading of "Parsifal," taken at tempi that get a little faster every year and as devoid of piety as a de-consecrated cathedral. Thomas Stewart (Amfortas) is the best of

the singers, Gwyneth Jones (Kundry) the worst.

Miss Jones' violent screams, in the role of Ortrud, also constitute a severe handicap to an otherwise a severe handican to an otherwise sound Lohengrin (Bavarian Radio Orchestra/Kubelik, 2720 036), with James Kiog as decent an exponant of the titular bero as, in the other set, of his father Parsifal. Gundula Janowitz (Elsa) is heautifully clear and musical, hut begins to sound plached above the stave. Once again, it is Karl Ridderhusch, in the solemn pronouncements of King Henry, who steals the ahow.

ROBERT MONTGOMERYS Subject to Fits (RSC; The Place), like Edward Bond's "Lear" at the Royal Court, takes as its startingpoint an accepted masterpiece, point an accepted masterpiece, Dostoevsky's novel, "The Idiot." Mr Montgomery, in some rather self-indulgent restoric, claims that "Subject to Fits" is not an adaptation, but a response. "As such," he says, "it is entirely original—smacking of 'The Idiot,' dreaming of 'The Idiot,' hut mostly, taking off where 'The Idiot drove it."

This is a claim which might reasonably be made for Bond's "Lear," which takes off from Lear's quarrel with his daughters, passes through incidents many of this have no connection with passes through incidents many of which have no connection with Shakespeare's play, to reach Lear's cry of compassion—" We have only one thing to keep us sane—pity. And the man without pity is mad "—a cry which is not in itself a particular echo of anything in Shakespeare. But nothing like this can be said, except by Mr Montgomery, of Mr Montgomery of Mr Montgomery a play. It is a close, almost a servile, reproduction of what happens in Dostoevsky, even Lebedev, and Rogozhin in the train. We have the taunting of Myshkin by Aglaya, the sensational party at which Natasha appears, and epileptic fits.

What Mr Montgomery might

down to the meeting of Myshkin,

undiluted misery. If we see a worse musical than this during have claimed for his work is that it sees "The Idiot" in a special light. It dramatises "The Idiot" the next twelve months we shall be unlucky. Howard Keel sings as it might appear to the dis-ordered imagination of a night-mare. The incidents follow one another witbout preparation or manfully, and Danielle Darrieux has a mellow charm that alone comes near the clusive magic of James' writing. They go down bonourably but inexorably in a

Borrowed visions

THEATRE | HAROLD HOBSON

perspective, as if in a frenetic dream. This would be impressive if it were not all presented in such an old-fashioned way. The motion of a train is shown sea of innuendoes. "The Ambassadors" is about an American brought into conbelieve it or not—by three actors sitting on a hench, and swaying from side to side; while the blackgowned Natasha (Sara Kestelman) sweeps through the play tact with the high decadence of European civilisation, a civilisation which irresistably attracted him, but of which be was instinctively suspicious. Mme Darrieux like a vamp in an early film of Feuillade's. The play adds nothing to Dostoevsky, and one almost regrets that it is too ineffective to take anything away.

At Her Majorth's those is might credibly be the representative of civilised society; but such a society cannot be shown in a scene with three whores in a street such as we have here: nor At Her Majesty's there is another novel adapted to the stage—this time Henry James' "The Ambassadors." Ambassador, as it is called, is cluttered with plot, tripped up by conventional dances, impeded by unmemorable sones, and drenched in comisin another in which a cabaret manager assures us that you can always tell a lady by her hat; nor in yet another in which an artist sings "What can you do with a nude?" These things are infinitely pathetic, for they are vulgar without reaping the rewards of vulgarity. They are a songs, and drenched in comic travesty of what Paris meant to

As Is Proper, by Tom Malije the lunch-time show at the Kinglifead, is better than this lower middle-class husban (Edward Phillips) smugly boas? to his browbeaten wife (Sheiz Allen) of his sexual triumph but it is she who carries off the prize. in the evenings at the King's Head there is Roy Minton Death in Leicester, which I e joyed when I saw it done t

Edinburgh University at a recen

James: yet a travesty too obvious and inhibited to rouse even ripple of interest on their out low level in an age as permission

Festival. But far more important the any of these productions is th question of what in the Britis theatre is going to happen to u work of Marguerite Duras, whose "Suzanna Andler" finished Guildford last night. Our at tude to Madame Duras is important as was our attitude | Harold Pinter in 1958, and i John Osborna in 1956, and i a less straitened week than the I hope to say some things on about which I feel very strong In my opinion there is only or actress in this country who have shown any understanding (
Mme Duras' exciting and absorbing work. But that is a complete



Preparing for play: Lindsny Anderson (centre, with book) rehearsing David Storey's new play "The Changing Room" with Warren Clarke (recumbent) and (left to right) Barry Keegan, Donald McKillop and John Price (Royal Court, November 3)

#### **FELIX APRAHAMIAN**

THE SECOND of Lorin Maszel's two Festival Hall concerts with the New Philharmonia provided an evening of aheer musical enjoyment. Both the New hilharmonia Orcbestra and its conductor, Lorin Maazel gave us superlative virtuosity.

In the gradual unfolding and cumulative growth of Sihelius' Seventh Symphony, the magical spell as well as fantastic musical skill of Bartók's Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, the impressionistic nocturnal panorama of Delius gay and wist-ful fin de siècle "Paris," and in the prolix and tuneful ebuilience of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," neither were found wanting. The peerless born-playing of Nicholas Busch in "Till" was only one of many fellcities in a performance both clear and exciting.

vouthful audience. Perhaps tha fact that the Bartók is a required fact that the Bartók is a required piece for A-levels in music had something to do with it. Thirty scholars from Tonbridge, forty-five from Cranhrook, and ninety from Charterbouse, two coachloads of "Youth and Music" from Southend and probably many other similar parties had a glorious opportunity to experience live the effect of two string orchestras placed antiphonally, for which even stereo recordings for which even stereo recordings of their required piece are mere substitutes. More important, they could assess in ideal circum-stances how four composers who were contemporaries for more than half a century, using tha accumulated harmonic richness of which they were the inheritors, all succeeded in writing music that was so completely individual. They may understand the malaise of music today: many would-be

composers imagine that indi-

viduality today implies an absolute rejection of this patrimony. Happily the successors of these four late nineteenth-century masters—composers like Britten Shostakovich and Frank Martin exist to disprove this, and Thursday's young audience is a kind of indication that good musical sense atill prevails in some quarters.

Another indication is the extraordinary happy involvement of singers and players alike in the Kingsway Hall recording sessions I attended last week of another Delius work, "A Village Romeo and Juliet." The verve of the Fair Scene, the melodic flow of the music for Vreli and Salt, in which Elizabeth Harwood and Rohert Tear seemed to be reveal-Rohert Tear seemed to be reveal-ling, was all captured in an atmosphere all too often lacking on such occasions. New evidence that Delius' music did not die

# SO MUCH was done for and about Picasso on bis 70th, 75th, 80th and 85th birthdays that it takes a delicate ingenuity to think up something new for tomorrow, his something new for tomorrow, his 90th. So full marks to the Tate, which will release a buge flock of white doves to mark the occasion; and to M. Pompidou, who has caused eight top-class works to be bung in the Grande Galerie in the Louvre; and to the ICA, which has assembled an ad hoc anthology of Picassos from London private collections.

London private collections.

The best compliment we can pay to Picasso tomorrow is to take a slow, thorough look at one major painting and get to understand it. That's what it's all about, after all. Money, in this context is the cretin's cri-

ing.
But no one can look too often, or too quietly, at works like the drawing of 1905 and 1907, the "Head" (1913-14), the great "Weeping Woman" (1937), or the recent and admirably vivacious "Mousquetaire à la Pipe II as a key-place for today's syant-

and the inability to stop work-

ART | JOHN RUSSELL (1969) at the ICA. Nor shall we waste time or money if we pick up, at £1, the revised and enlarged version of Roland Penrose's "Picasso: His Life and Work," which is due out in the Pelican Biographles next Thursday. (Roland Penrose is also hehind the Picasso volume in the Phaidon colour-plate series—good value at £2—and the up-dated and re-issued "Portrait of Picasso" (Lund Humphries, 1899) ran level with his col-

Phaidon colour-plate series—good value at £2—and the up-dated and re-issued "Portrait of Picasso" (Lund Humphyles, terion; the personal legend has £1.75; hardback £2.50), which been thumhed and re-thumbed offers an authoritative documentary of the limits of endurance; tation without inopportune luxury and Adulation, Inc., cannot tell the difference hetween creativity or fuss). NOT NEARLY ENOUGH bas

been made, in my view, of Ensor before 1914 went at colour with to Permeke at the Royat Academy. out-going, two-handed energy

The doomed princess

DANCE | RICHARD BUCKLE

Homage to Picasso

aa) Led leagues—Matisse, Rouault, Marquet—in the class of Gustave Moreau; in his portrait of the Spanisb painter Yturrino in the middle of the Place Pigalle, a whole era is recaptured. Wouters out-going, two-handed energy which ridicties the idea of a measured good taste. And Edgard Tytgat is really very funny, on occasion; that taut fine-drawn voluptuous line was just the job for an imaginary libertinage.

Altogether it will be a pity if London cannot extend to our Belgian visitors the kind of informed interest which in Brussels or Antwerp, greets every new move on the part of Caro and Hoyland and Peter Blake. And as I am now back on bome ground I must commend the new raintings of Fandra Plan at the paintings of Sandra Blow at the New Art Centre. Miss Blow has for some years been corralled in the adjustments of tans and ochres which bave so greatly beightened the interest of the RA summer shows; but in her new work great slashing shafts of colour—red against yellow, yellow against orange, scarlet enwrapped in bright blue—operate at a much higher level of interaction, and with results correspondingly more rewarding. This is s very good show, and not lo be missed.

he were a pretentious ass who couldn't open his beak without mentioning Chomsky and Saussure he would be taken more seriously. As it is, be bas good on quietly perfecting a thoughthrough attitude to the linguistics of naloting which finds outling which finds of paloting which finds outlet in terms of wit. What if a rainbow were not an illusory arch, but a real ooe? What if railway-lines real ooe? What if railway-lines it ravelled on wheels, instead of the other way round? What if trains were really semi-circular in shape, instead of just seeming to be so when they go round a curve? These are some of the ideas which Hughes works out, at Angela Flowers' new gallery at 3/4 Portland Mews. D'Arblay Street, W.I.

Peter Johnson was flying rather high when he gave the title "Quintessence of Civilisation" to the show at the Lowndes Lodge Gallery (which is in aid of the Venice in Peril fund, by the way). But if civilisation means the ability to live in peace with a wide variety of people and objects, then this resourceful anthology of English and Euroood show, and not lo be missed.

It is beyond doubt a misfortune dino Luini, Conatable, Crome and for Patrick Hugbes that be is Hoopner among them-choth so witty and so modest. If said to live up to its name. Hoopner among them-can be

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LAST WEEK we considered the of Act II, then the tormented poetic first act of MacMillan's exile of Act III, on the brink of Anastasia and some of its charac-madness. This last, to the music Anastasia and some of its characterisations. The court ball of Act II, danced to Tchalkovsky's Third Symphony, is also subtly imagined, but suffers from a surfeit of polonaises and mazurkas, and Tchaikovsky provides no music for the revolutionary outburst at the end. (I think that instead of the hrawling and fisgwagging we should merely see the workers looming motionless and larger than life on a projection at the back, while the ball sweeps on to its formal cooclusion.) After the tremendous bas de deux for Kchessinskaya and partner, Merle Park with Anthony of Bohuslav Martinu, Is the climax of Lynn Seymour's varied and wonderful performance. She is truly tragic, hringing a new dimension to ballet, as Garbo did dimension to ballet, as Garbo did to the screen. Lesley Collier, who replaced her, has the advantage of youth to compensate for lacking the dark initiations of experience, but she, too, is remarkable and was granted hardly less of an ovation.

Barry Kay's first-act designs, his aecond-act dresses and his last-act projections are prodigiously successful, "Anastasia" seems to he weathering the critical storm.

On Thursday Jerome Rohhins' Dances at a Gathering and Mac-Millan's "Rite of Spring" returned to the repertory at Covent Garden. The former seems to me as perfect a work of art as I

makes imaginative use of the mysterious ondants to convey the Millan's "Rite of Spring" reberoine's misgivings as she turned to the repertory at Covent observes unexplained intimacies hetween the Tsar and Kchessinshetween the Tsar and Kchessinshetween the Tsarina and Rasputin.

Thousand makes are a spring as a specific and the second of the ballet stage. The tomboy Anastasia of Act I Chopin's mazurkas, waltzes and sente becomes the well-mannered deh preludes are played, undistorted All."

reflect their veering moods; out of these dances, spectacular, amorous, heroic, funny and sad there emerges a picture of life being lived. Better not single out any one of the artists who contributed to a magical performance.

by orchestration; the ten dancers

Mason, though, one must say, after excelling herself in the Chopin was back in the role she created in "The Rite": Stravinsky clown of death. This grand work stands up well and was dynamically danced.

At Wimbledon the Royal Ballet gave us another Herbert Ross ballet The Maids, after Genet, to Milhaud. The subtlest Grand Gulgnol, with the two maids amazingly played by Kerrison Cooke and Nicholas Jobnson. Doreen Wells was divine in the slow movement of MacMillan's Shostakovitch "Concerto." At Richmond the Royal Ballet presented ingenious "Ballet for All."

# The sound of poetry

#### RADIO I JEREMY RUNDALL

most ancient of the arts. But for centuries, in the Western world, it has been eclipsed by the In-creasing sophistication of written verse, whose midwife was the printing press. With a nice touch of irony an even more sophisti-cated technology, radio, may claim a principal part in the revival of poetry for speaking. Some poetry, though, simply doesn't work when it's read aloud. lts subtleties oeed the printed page, for Internal rhyme, alliteration, double meanings and wordplay. Thus Wyatt and Surrey did not show to their best advantage on Wednesday in fourth of 26 weekly programmes on The English Poets from Chancer to

ORAL POETRY is among the

partner, Merie Park with Anthony Dowell or Desmond Kelly, in glittering form, the choreographer

makes imaginative use of the

tion for this chronological series and prose alike deems to speak compiled by Peter Porter and with an authentic voice.

Anthony Thwaite. Poets them But with radio, so expressive selves, they bave heen firmly, even arrogantly arbitrary in their intrusion of some minor poets and intrusion of some minor poets and omission of a few big names. A good anthology should reflect its compilers' taste and not try to please everyone. But in reading poems aloud, it was perhaps inevitable that Chsucer's bold, relatively simple narrative linc should come through better.

George Macbeth, producing the series, is himself a "speaking" poet and in his occasional Poetry Now hroadcasts, largely concerned with new writers, be does much for the oral tradition. Even more immediate and vocal is The exercise in pure spoken verse disciplines; at best, we might get some rich surprises. Either way, it would scarcely be dull. Now hroadcasts, largely con-cerned with new writers, be does

So far I am filled with admira- Northern Drift, which in poctry But with radio, so expressive

a medium, I should like to fly a kite and suggest an experiment. A Rhyme in Time was only a moderately amusing panel game, but the verse, however awful, was apontaneous. So why not a serious programme to which tried and new writers might be invited, given a choice of themes and asked to extemporise a poem? The results need not be lost, for unlike the old halladmakers we have tape-machines, At worst, it would be a useful

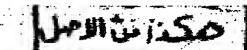
# Not so much the hearing, more

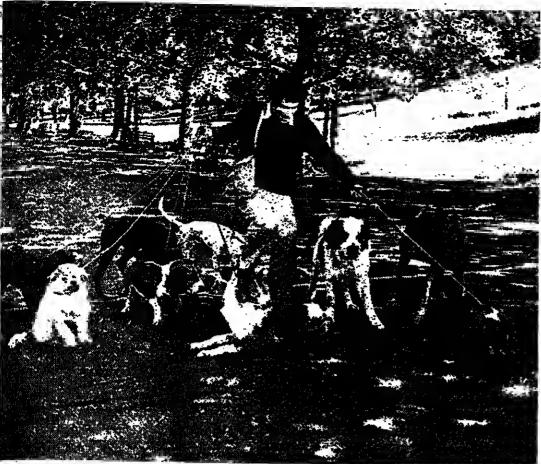
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between his St Bernard dog and his wife, played by Paula Prentiss, Elliott Gould leads a life in his new film "Move" directed by Stuart Rosenberg which opens in London this

# The way we love now?

FILMS | DILYS POWELL

LANCHOLY though I find a rning when there is no film wake me up, weeks come en I begin to think that the sema industry has gone raving ad. Last week was one of

you might suppose that a story h as La Dame aux Camélias as La Dame aux Camélias fild get along on its own. Even you feel that the days of mille and the divine Garbo are long past, consider the conhsider Love Story, which after is Camille without drama or ision and with the frequent terjection of the word builshit Camille, in fact, for adolesits. But somebody down there ows better than to leave a nod thing alone, so at the meo, Victoria, we have Camilie 10 (director Radley Metzger;

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Technicolor), transposition from the age of phthisis (a word I used in early days of struggling through French fiction to find very puzzling) to the age of drugs. The censor bas refused drugs. The censor bas refused a certificate; however, in its benevolence the GLC has offered an X for London. Oh well, it

gives us a laugh or two. Only a few, I admit, and the best are dependent on a decor which lends itself to the sexual joke. Not that the intention is to joke, not even when somebody, told that the ardent young admirer (Nino Castelnuovo) ia Armand Duval, exclaims: "One of the Duvals?" The Margnerite Gautier (Danièle Gaubert) of Michael De Forrest'a screenplay is stationed in Rome, a city which today has superseded Paris as the cinema's hackground for high-toned corruption and in which Marguérite's friends hold orgies Marguérite's friends hold orgies repressed rather than enlivened

repressed rather than enlivened by the spectacle of nude Leshian couples in baths and the public performance of the sexual act. The centre of all the Ob-I-say living, naturally enough, is the bedroom, a kind of Crystal Palace furnished with multiple interreflecting mirrors and a transparent bed of indeterminate shape. This is made of plastic, or so I am assured—the tedium of the ploys executed on its surface will, perhaps, excuse my face will, perhaps, excuse my wandering attention.

bave been subjected in the cinema to solemn demonstra-tions of acrobatic love-making. I het Dumas' Marguérite did all right witbout diagrams. The Armand and the Marguérite of Camille 2000, though, seem to bave taken a good look at the sex-education screen. 1 can't say they have come up with any-thing new. But they have introduced one fresh element into their coupling—lethargy. Even the critics could scarce forbear cheer when with hieratic deliheration young Duval man-aged to—hut no, I mustn't spoil the no-surprise. Let me just say that Dumas' story has been reduced to an interminable exercise in bed, and leave it at that.

made in America, is hrisker, but that is about all there is to be said in extenuation of Pretty Maids all in a Row (Ritz; Metrocolor; X).

Perhaps not quite; Rock Hudson,
who plays football-coach-cumguidance-counsellor at an American high school, provides a touch of character. The guidance he supplies is of the kind axchanged by Armand and Mar-guerite; creditable, while remaining, to me at any rate, peculiarly unseductive, be makes one under stand his attraction for the idiot teenagers be counsels. One other credit: the girl (June Fairchild) who on heing asked whether anybody bas made unnatural advances to ber bursts into peals of apparently spontaneous laughter.

Roger Vadim's latest film

The rest is a mixture of foot ball, the sexual initiation of boy by a pretty teacher (Angie Dickinson), and female corpses left lying about in, for example, the hoys' lavatory; Telly Savalas is the investigating policeman. For a moment I fancied that the idea might be to satirlse American co-education, its sexual obsessions and its addiction to cheerleaders. No go: "Pretty Malda Ail in a Bow" simply shares the ineffable vulgarity it portrays. A relief to turn to a savage fable of war, produced in Hun-gary in 1967. The Valley (director Tamás Rényi; black-and-white;

X), which together with Felix Greene's documentary Cuba Va! will be shown from tomorrow at the Venus Cinema in Kentish Town. This story of deserters who sheltering from battle, are taken into the beds of the women in a peaceful village has curlous resemblances to the plot of the Anglo-American "The Laat Valley," shown six months ago. Once or twice reminded, by a shot or a movement of Miklós Tancsó, I am interested to find that the screenwriter is Tancsó'a collabor ator Gyula Hernádi. Anyhow though rather slow and over ready to dwell on statuesque figures, wrinkled faces and knotty hand, "The Valley" is to be taken seriously; it is greatly superior to its more spectacular Western counterpart Western counterpart.

# Duke the king

DEREK JEWELL

EVERYTHING about Edward Kennedy Ellington, the Duke, demonstrates monumental cool; everything that is, except his music, which is cool and hot by turns. Towards the eod of bis second Hammersmith concert second Hammershim Content last Thursday, during which bis orchestra dazzlingly showed just why Duke is the longest-lasting and greatest contributor to modand greatest contributor to modern music, he staged a rampaging piece of soul-rock called "One More Time," spearheaded hy his two singers, which is not at all bls usual metier. You could almost hear the purists frowning. Riding hotelwards later, he recalled that the previous night some of the audience had come on stage, dancing, to join the jubilee. "If we keep playing that number," he said, ironically tolerant, "then the critics can stop wondering what to pan."

Irony, of a kindly and humane variety, marks the elegant speech of the man and his music (what could he more ironic than the quirky convolutions which Duke plays as commentating counterplays as commentaing counterpoint to his horn soloists?) and it was richly evident in his delightful pronouncements last week, both on-stage and off. Enthusing about his reception in Russia, he remarked that several of his concerts went on for four of his concerts went on for four

"And no one complained—not the audience" (managing to make himself aound surprised) "not the stage bands, not even the cats in the hand. The Russians came to hear our music—no other reason. Some were satis-fied, and some were surprised how much they were satisfied."

The overriding impression of the Hammersmith concert was of the youthfur sound of this band of veterans (matched by an increasing young-ness in the audience) and the way in which Duke's oldest compositions appear to be modern. His long orchestral work, "Tone Parallel To Har-lem," was the most persuasive

was the most persuasive

complicated

It's

rhythms, its majesty of orches-tral colourings and cunning dis-

Instance,

sonances, its contrasts of mood and tones were everything that good modern music should be. The fact that it was played at all was significant. Had Johnny Hodges and Cat Anderson still been with the band, the necessity for lengthy solo spots for them would scarcely bave made the performance of a major Ellington orchestral work possible. These ravishing artists were missed most keenly, of course—Cat particularly for his way of giving stratospheric bite to the trumpet section, the only part of the present hand which sometimes lacked steam—but Duke faced

their absence hy simply unlocking other vaults of his treasure house. He has found some splendid new musicians, as well as Norris Turney from his last tour. Harold Minerve was a wonderfully positive alto-sax player (more Parker than Hodges) and John Coles a most pretty trumpeter, whilst the old hands—Gonsalves, Cootie Williams, Russell Procope, Harry Carney—played superbly up to standard. Cootie especially, prowling the stage, his trumpet violent and full-blooded, has never heen more commanding. He saves num-self for solos now and left rather early, presumably taking advan-tage of the licence permitted to

This was a quite magical concert, Ellington still at the peak of his form, producing newer consecutions (his "New so senior an Ellingtonian. compositions (his "New Orleans" and Afro-Eurasian Eclipse" suite) whilst never los-ing touch with the old (like "Black and Tan Fantasy.") He is one genius who needs no razzamatazz for finale. His last stroke was to play a gentle piano solo, "Lotus Blossom," with only solo, "Lotus Blossom," with only bowed hass for accompaniment, his tribute to Billy Strayborn, and with that the music ended -except that at 4 am he was still playing, along with Jacques Loussler, for maybe 20 people in a private suite at the Dorchester. There, never, surely, was such a man for music, nor such music from one gigantically

off presses, give reviewer spurious godlika feeling, spurious because presumably God reads everyone's autobiog. . . .

Gerald Hanley had interesting life already and only middle-aged now, has written novels ("The Consul at Sunset" is hest known), screenplay "Blue Max," is married, lives in Wicklow, now working on story of 1916 Dublin for, who else, John Huston. His Warriors and Strangers (Hamish Hamilton £2,75) is about hrave inaelligent instinctive hlood-feuding Somalis with whim he served in hlinding stony wilder-

Fashionable flashback time-

esting life eh? Maybe all autobiographies attempt to jump gun, say look here look here what I did wasn't it interesting, they pour the stuff. certsinly had interesting life, right from blood and lies and suffering and hunger to fame

which bypassed reviewer. Never knew a New York model agency named her as woman who best represents Europe in USA, fetishists stole her underwear, exposed themselves in stagedoor crowds goodness whatever next.
As everyone now knows she was uniformed soldier in collapse of Berlin to avoid rape by Russians

of showbiz career, even in front of horrid Nazi schoolmistress she got "warm friendly feeling in the region of the stomach" when



Gerold Hanley: resourceful

reciting from William Tell, got into UFA first as trainee artist in trick film department, then artiste with e, acting.

She was star of Broadway musical Silk Stockings based on Minotchka, Brilliant, funny, grip-plng, ofteo moving forty pages about rehearsals, tryouts, ten-sions, etc. is hest and most human

Two terrible desires to be loved, the German and the showbiz, coalesce to produce a tone more often off-putting than human, in line with dustcover photograph of gamine face trying to look grim, staring out at reader as if saying. Go on then, say

CYRIL CONNOLLY

£3.95 pp 523

THE ENGLISH EXPERIENCE by John Bowle/Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Our island history

transformation of the social order." This transformation, pre-saged by the Asquith Govern-ment (1908-15), was accelerated by the Labour Government of 1945:

dozen ouistaoding historians: Taylnr, Runciman, Trevor-Roper, Wedgwnod, Rowse and Plumh; nor has Namier toog been re-moved. John Bowle quotes ex-tensively from these and many The decisive British social revolution ... an increasingly egalitarian and collectivist society ... the social-democratic Wellare State, belated response to the popular demands of the time liwhich has fed tol direct and indirect taxation far heavier and more regular than that ever imposed by any government in the history here surveyed. This taxation aims strategically at the confiscation of inherited wealth bowever acquired ... in a cumulative attack on private property. tensively from these and many other sources in what is really a compendium of British history from the Beaker Folk to the Beatles. The great difficulty of writing such a hook is to know exactly what to put in and how much to leave out (half a lice to the Old Pretender, twelve to the Young), and how to avoid the wearisomeness of excessive compression when every chapter sounds like a rather breathless The Collectivist state is in fact direct consequence of universal

prize-giving.
John Bowle has avoided this hy an innate sense of taste and proportion and an agreeable style which trembles on the brink of epigram but never auccumbs. He has mastered and marshalled a vast array of facts and given us the lifest in passport-photos of many personalities, particularly rulers. We learn much more rulers. We learn much more about what the Tudors, Including Mary and Edward VI, were actually like, or William of Orange; George I (whose flueot French was the language he spoke with bis English ministers), Richard II, almost a tyrant, or Edward IV "a renaissance magnifico."

His task is huilt round a

I SOMETIMES THINK we do not sufficiently honour our historians as we do poets and novelists. It la surely a vocation demanding.

as much as any other, love of truth and accuracy as well as poetic imagination and the novelists's grasp of drama and

At the moment we have half-a-

His task is built round a central theme—"that the undouhted historical success of England, so remarkable in relation to its aize, has been a triumph, not of any commitment to particular political principle, hut rather to the absence of it; to a tradition of pragmatism... which bas at each critical juncture enabled a new élite to emerge... showing itself capable of continuous adaptation with violent extremes."

The last phase of our history ("World War and social demo-cracy") be sees as "the rise of the masses to political and economic power and a radical

But solvency was not enough

مكذا فذالاصل

England than that. It is difficult to realise the spirited, cheerful and politically brash outlook of the Edwardians of all classes.

of all classes.

The representative Englishman was a tall, tweed-clad pipe-smoking character; reserved, phlegmatic and aloof, whose silences could be heard in several languages. the common characteristic which had come down since old English times was probably endurance. probably endurance.

The generation who went into the First World War with such strange exhibitation had centuries of insular security and wealth behind it. It is difficult not to quote ex-tensively. From his description of Stonehenge oowards the his-torian holds us in his thrall. He mixes constitutional, economic

suffrage and leads to an almost total erosion of liberty as the country plunges from economic crisis to another. and political history in appro-priate doses. In such a packed compendium one can only notice his geoeral tolerant and sym-pathetic attitude without any dectectable bias, and his keen The Second World War financially all but rulned the country.

To such a pass, in half a century, had come the Great Victorian workshop of the world and the phytocratic imperial Great Britain of Edwardian times relish of personality which makes us willing to trust him. He backs Professor Trevor-Roper in his indignation at the Marxist analysis of the forces arrayed in the Civil War; he rescues George III (only very

The later chapters all lead up to this painful denouement.
"Oligarchy and the First Empire," "The Napoleonic Wars and the Industrial Revolution,"
The Mid Victorians and Climas "The Mid-Victorians and Climax of Empire"—culminating in his brilliaot "Epilogue." "Climax of Empire" was only fifty years ago when most of Africa as well as most of Asia was coloured plak on the map and when the Dominions had barely

when the Dominions had barely achieved their status.

Such was the country and Empire, now set, like the other major nation states of Europe, on a collision course lowards the Great War nf 1914-18; that first bout of mechanised conflict in which they all committed political suicide, began a debasement of international life now taken for granted, and transformed the world power struggle into a confrontation of Eurasian and Asiatic spheres of influence charged with the threat of nuclear annihilation.

intermittently insane or rather psychologically confused through a metabolic illness) from his liberal interpreters from Macanlay to Trevelyan; he approves A. L. Rowse's analyses approves A. L. Rowse's analyses of Elizabethan England; he makes one understand something of Tudor statesmanship and naval policy, of the true nature of the Civil War and the formidable English republic which succeeded, and under which both monarchy and parliament were eclipsed. He recalls other periods of inflation than our own. He makes one admire William of Orange, or Chatham as the first imperialist 1 do find his sum-maries of literature under the different reigns a little too potted and over-simplified. If Eliot, Auden and Betjeman are there, why not Dylan Thomas? If Flecker and Brooke why not Housman or Graves? But he has bronght many a

dim figure to life. Boadleea Egbert and Edgar, "the chival rous Predators" (Plantagenets) the Royal aesthetes Henry III, Richard II, Henry VI, Charles I "all politically inept," the poet Skelton whom he compares to Rabelais, Henry VIII in love, James I ("an only child, bls father murdered, bis mother imprisoced, he bad always longed for affection "); and he goes into the little-known "Answer" of the little-known "Answer" of Charles I and Hyde to the "XIX Propositions of both Houses of Parliament with its warning against the abuses of the democratic principle." This "able defence of a balanced constitution" explains Charles' words at his trial: "I know that I am leading for the liberties of tha pleading for the liberties of tha people of England more than any of you."

Looking back on our history, one is amazed at the great world power achieved by such a small country with so few people. It was due to the mixture of outstanding ability in the rulers with imagination and good sense and an eye to the main chance.

For those who enjoy a detailed history of a reign, Charles II by Maurice Ashley (Weidenfeld and Nicolsoo £3.25 358 pp) gives a balanced portrait of a complicated and most able ruler, usually over-praised or misunderstood, with more wisdom than loyalty, more lust than love, and plenty of courageous good sense veiled in charm. No democrat, he yet bad no use for the King of Spain "who would not piss hut another should hold the chamber pot"

Paul Jennings reviews three recent autobiographies

A job as timeless as the seo itself: Whitby fishermen tar a

small coble in the old harbour, one of the mingnificent photographs (many from the Frank Sutcliffe collection) in "Victorian and Edwardian Yorkshire from Old Photographs"

introduced by A. B. Craven (Batsford £2.10)

# LIVES AND TIMES

WELL who had the most inter-

ness ("Tha Shag"), returning, just in time, before dottiness, suicide, etc., to coastal towns like Mogadishu.

Hanley sees inevitable "cementmixers and schoolmasters on horizon of wilderness, has classic ambivalence; although "it is living in civilisation that keeps us civilised" we're just as bad, with "history which stinks of blood and lies and suffering and hunger"; hut he doesn't overdo Nohie Savage; "it is hard to describe the batred and contempt one can feel for tribesmen who have slain the women of their enemies, or caused them to die of thirst."

scale, wartime Somali memories interspersed with later writing-type trip to Kenya, slightly too many old friends saying helloyou-old-bastard, where-they-ali-now, two paras on p. 241 begin "Yes," man talking to himself.
"Yes," man talking to himself.
"Yes ... you will never get over this mighty country ...
yes, the hest friends you ever made." But hrave, resourceful, multi-kingual, Hanley probes secrets, e.g. bow to make wobai arrow poison (burn shillin wood, add duk'neys, etc.), documents still hiving memories of Masai moved from Kanya uplands for whites, proud warriors now outdistanced by Kikuyu who unlike them loved school. The great

cultural so-what. But riveting I was Nazi. Gosb, never said any such thing.
Actually England doesn't come Actually England doesn't come into the story much ("London was like Zurich, only darker, grubbier, surlier" Gosh) but by golly nohody more horrid to her than German Press, Schodenfreude, jealous of success, etc., they called her marriage wrecker, slut, etc. (she was naked on screen in German film The Sipper of course all mummer. Sinner, of course all mummer-esses do it at slightest urging now

hut this was earlier).
She experienced horrors, saw banged deserters, beard screams but this was savage interruption of women who were raped, saw man beaten to death. Perbaps even the tattered phoenix of showbiz togetherness is the nearest to angel that modern ruins will see arise, maybe loony existentialist non-sequiturs. horror and frivolity do reflec without religion.

somehow one wants more from writer of this intelligence than "I hate hate" (who doesn't?) and ho-hum ending words.

All very different from the home life of Lillian Beckwith as recounted in About My Father's Business (Hutchinson £1.75). Her father ran a grocery shop somewhere near south hank of Mersey, started from beginning, selling parlour furniture to make room for solid L-shaped mahogany counter made by Mr Josh ("I can't ahide filmsy-flamsy"), fsmily took ferry to Liverpool, father hrought scales, scoops, bacon knives and saws etc. in cavernous warehouses then had exciting meal in cafe Mother pursing lips and dis-approving, which she seemed to do a lot. But experienced

writer Beckwith avoids too much regional mirth, is good about debt-collecting, her father kind to aome owers, inexplicably hard on nice gas manager's wife whom he imprisoned for fraud. Good minutiae, e.g. in those days Tory election colour was red. Lib blue, Lab yellow. Life bas minutize as well as borror (and anyway Letty, distant relative and faithful ser vaot, had been raped, it's not only Russians). Takes all sorts

# Churchill defeated

WINSTON CHURCHILL, Vol III 1914-1916 by Martin Gilbert Heinemann £4.50 pp 988

ROBERT BLAKE

THIS IS indeed hiography on an heroic scale—nearly a thousand pages, if one includes the excellent documentation and index, to cover a period of less than two and a half years, August 1914 to December 1916.

With every allowance made for the fact that these were some of the most crucial and controversial months in Churchill's career, the months in Churchill's career, the length at which Mr Gilhert has chosen to write must raise some donbts in the minds of anyone interested in the suhject. If he continues on this pattern, can he ever finish? If he alters the scale, will not the whole work seem lop-sided? No doubt there are later passages in Churchill's life which can be dealt with less fully, but one could hardly argue, for example, that Churchill'a role in 1940-45 was less crucial or controversial than in 1914-16. versial than in 1914-16.

However let us accept Mr Gilbert's decision that an average of some 13,000 words for each month in this period of Churchill's tumultuous life is the right scale and consider the book in that context. It is a monument of scholarship and care. Mr Gilbert has consulted every conceivable source including seventythree collections of documents and some sixty individuals. He modestly says in his note on sources that "there is no moment in the writing of biography . . . at which it can be said that no more research need be done," but It is highly unlikely that anything of real significance can have escaped his net

Diligence and documentation Diligence and documentation do not alone guarantee good hiography. There are the problems of arrangement, construction, perspective, insight, style and clarity. Mr Gibbert succeeds triumpbantly in managing his vast mass of material, his judgment is always sensible and his prose clear and easy to follow. The word "definitive" is often abused, but if it can ever be abused, but if it can ever be applied to any historical work it can be applied to this. Moreover the volume is admirably produced, with some excellent photographs, and remarkably cheap for a book of its size.

The all-pervading issue of Churchill's life at this time was the Dardanelles campaign. It dominated his thoughts while be was in office and haunted him after he was out. He believed that his removal from the Admiralty in May 1915 had been greety upfair and he never grossly unfair, and he never forgave Asquith. His wife echoed bis sentiments when she told ber cousin at the end of the crisis that ber one remaining ambition was to dance on Asquith's grave. Churchill's anger was enhanced by the Prime Minister's refusal to allow the publication of the documents which he helieved would vindicate him. After the final decision be wrote a memorable letter from Blenheim to his brother, Jack: "Meanwhile Asquith reigns supine, sodden and supreme... The Government bave decided to repudiate their pledge to publish the D'lles. papers . . . Jack my dear 1 am learning to hate."

The anthor of Cburchill's ruin was oot Asquith; it was Admiral Fisher. In spite of all that bas been written in explanation by Mr Gilbert and many others, it still staggers belief that Churchill should have brought back this eccentric unbalanced old man of

seventy-three as First Sea Lord seventy-three as First Sea Lord to replace Prince Louis. Of Battenberg. However great Fisher's past services had been, it was courting disaster. King George V, who knew the Navy, went as fer as a constitutional monarch could to try to stop the appointment. Fisher's drapatic resignation in May 1915 was not really based, as almost everyone believed at the time, on opposition to the Dardanelles. It was the result of mental hreak-down mixed with megalomania—a bid the result of mental hreak-down mixed with megalomania—a bid to become sole ruler of the Navy. The ensuing 'crisis resulted in a coalition government and, as soon as the Conservatives were brought in Churchill's tenure of the Admiralty was doomed. This was not because Asquith surrendered to their demands but because he had already come to mistrust had already come to mistrust Churchill and be was convinced that in a coalition he could not control him.

Mr Gilbert considers that Asquith accepted the need for a coalition because his power of decision had been temporarily impaired by a private tragedy—the news that Venetia Stanley, whom be loved and to whom be communicated the most secret matters of state, had decided to matters of state, had decided to marry Edwin Montagu. I find it hard to believe that the Prime Minister would have given in just for this. After all, there were powerful public reasons for a coalition, and Bonar Law moved rapidly and decisively to hring it about.

Ironically, Churchili was by no means the only or principal instigator of the Dardanelles expedition. The real pressure came from Asquith, Grey and Kitchener, Churchill would and Kitchener. Churchill would have preferred an assault on the north German coast. He assented only with refuctance to Kitchener's insistence on a purely naval attack on the Turkish fort. After it failed he had no say in the disastrous tactics which brought the ensuing army operations to a halt. Mr Gilbert's meticulous investigation of the origins of the expedition shows that the versions of such experts as Professor Marder and Mr Robert Rhodes James need Robert Rhodes James need modification.

So too does Churchill's own version. For one of the oddest features of the whole story is that Churchill persisted in taking a degree of public responsibility for the Dardanelles which was quite unnecessary. As Mr Gilbert

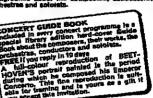
Because he was widely accused of baving been responsible for the deaths at Gallipoli, he began to defend even those aspects of the attack which he had neither planned nor supported. His colleagues saw this obsession. They saw him bind the whole disaster to his back. For them this complete identification with failure marred his credibility.

Churchill's public and private utterances after his resignation in November 1915 did him nothcelebrated defence of Gallipoli as a legitimate gamble," and a later speech in which he pressed for the return of Fisher people as First Sea Lord. When at last power passed from Asquith's now nerveless grasp, Lloyd George did not invite Churchill back to office. Mr Glibert ends with his hero at the very hadir of bis fortunes.

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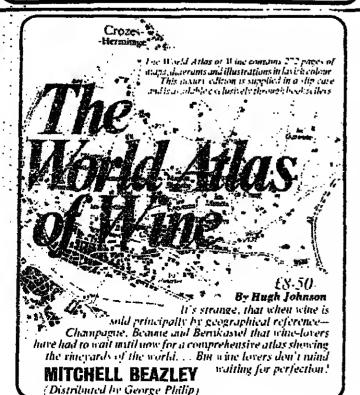
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# Serious without solemnity

whether it has been too various dictory heliefs of his parents— and that for a potential writer to define, or was dimmed by rou-tine. Mr Pritchett, bowever, seems is the first step necessary.
At twenty, when this new book of his begins, off he went on his have escaped that handicap in

this sequel to his dazzling first autobiographical volume, "A Cab own to live in Paris, where he got himself johs first as a photographer's clerk, then as a at the Door." He gives to most of the book a shape by omitting some of his crucial experiences, commercial traveller in shellac: turning slighter episodes into short stories, and concentrating and soon he began to write under the influence of Stevenson, Belloc, Barrie and Locke (not John but the now forgotten W. J.). His two Parisian years gave him seif-confiupon bis growth into a writer. Born in 1900, be lived with hard-up, ignorant parents, whose quarrels, he tells us, closed his heart for a long while. After only a year in a good grammar school, he started work as an office hoy dence, a good knowledge of French and French literature, a frence and Frence interactive, a frank love of pleasure and a passion for freedom, although he remained sby and prickly. He bad also "learnt to be absurd" and willing to see what bappened to him. "I must say I enjoy at fifteen. He is therefore almost entirely self-educated—a condi-tion which seems to foster his originality and does not

things going wrong."

Next, on his way home after losing his job, he met in the Not that I can agree with those who consider the lives of the poor more real than those of the comfortably-off. ("Real" and boat-train the London editor of the Christian Science Monitor who sent him, inexperienced though he was, to report for that paper on Ireland during the Troubles—"the first modern defeat of imperialism." This 'reality" are in any case words of which I fight shy: they are usually so indefinite.) Moreover, when Mr Pritchett was young, the seedy phllistinism of the lower middle class was much barder to amazing stroke of luck was one escape from than the time-honoured barbarism of our pre-paratory and public schools, which excited rebellion in most of life's little ironies. For he and his mother had lived in constant financial anxiety owing to bis Micawber father, who had found of the future authors who went to them. But escape be did, his in his own version of Mrs Eddy's teaching a rationalisation of his incurable optimism. Divine acute hrain forcing him to question the peculiar and contra-

MIDNIGHT OIL by V S Pritchett/Chatto & Windus £2.25

RAYMOND MORTIMER

Mind, he was convinced, would briog him prosperity, although Malicious Animal Magnetism, often projected by the Jesuits.

might afflict him with such imaginary evils as bankruptey and moonlight fittings.

Once in Ireland, "every movement of light, every turn of leaf, every person seemed to occur. every person seemed to occupy me physically, so that I had no self left." (Hence the poetic vein revealed in his later travel books and often in the pathos of his stories.) His articles satis-fied his employers; and he has earned a living with his pen ever

At twenty-three be made a marriage that soon fell apart. Twelve years later be remarried. and had two childreo; but he tells us nothing about his wives, to the second of whom this book is dedicated. Moreover the last thirty-five years of his life occupy iess than one-fifth of this book; and I cannot help wishing that he bad kept them to use at length for our delight in a third volume. "A writer," he maintains, " is, at the very least, two persons. He is the prosaic man at his desk and a sort of valet who dogs bim

and does the living"—a notion suggested, I think, by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Now let me turn from the valet to the so versatile and industrious artist. Although, like almost all good writers, addicted to constant revision, be has produced five novels, seven collections of short stories, five books of criticism and six about

I think of him first and forenost as an impassioned expert upon buman nature, and among male authors now unequalled in the depth of his sympathy with women, though Miss Germaine Greer might not approve of the plump, soft, laughing, Ruhens blondes whom be paints with so much brig. Predictors of the so much brio. Prodigionsly observant, he seems never to have forgotten anything he has seen, beard or smelt. The most commouplace scenes he depicts brim with colours and shapes: even his similes are mostly visual. (His earliest aim was to become a painter.) Yet while still at school he became obsessed also with language, turns of phrase and the sounds of words. Learniog on the Continent to talk French and Spanish sharpened

an ear that was already good and made his lips ductile, thus help-ing bis pursuit of eupbony in

He inherited from his mother a gift for story-telling, which in bis twenties became professional.

I felt the beginning of a passion, hopeless in the long run, but very nourishing, for identifying myself with people who were not my own and whose lives were governed by ideas alien to mine.

It is part of the function of a novelist to speak for people, maka them say or reveal what they are unable to say, to give them dig-nity, even the distinction of being comical.

Reviewers have been wrong, he explains, in thinking him "interested in what are called the resterning " 'charactera,' i.e. eccentrics."
What be likes is "to expose (rather in Ibsen's fashion) the illusions and received ideas by which they live." Yet this hook does, like all bis others, depict a lot of queer fish, such as the a lot of queer hish, such as the table-turning couple, who got into touch not with Shakespeare, as one might expect, hut with Hamlet, which sounds more difficult. (Did be, I wonder, complain about the portrait of him in the play?) The truth is, I believe, that almost all of us would seem to Mr Pritchett what we think eccentric; but we take we think eccentric; but we take

ourselves for granted, blessedly unaware of our odditles. As Santayana said, "We are all ou fond, caricatures of ourselves, and a good eye will see through our conventions, disguises and When Mr Pritchett began writ-ing criticism in 1928 for the New Statesman, he was concerned with the artist's attitudes to social

justice. He still is; but he soon came to realise that "literature grows out of literature as much as out of a writer's times," and also that "a work of art is a describility by the controllities. deposit left hy the contradictions a writer has in his own oature." Sucb remarks reveal the elasticity of approach needed by all critics for doing justice to the variety of impulses that produce a work of art. Who writes with greater penetration than he about novelists as well as about novels? Naturally he values his sbort stories above his criticism; yet his mastery, whether he is portraying actual or imaginary characters, depicting places or relisbing masterpieces, depends, I believe, upon the same gifts, actumen in observation, gusto, irony, warmth of understanding and liveliness of language. Those of his novels I bave read do not seem as good as bis short stories, and the speed with which his mind works sometimes makes him clliptical; but in the variety of his powers I think he is now unrivalled. He enjoys less fame than be

deserves, because his lack of

solemnity disguises from the public, though not from fellow-writers, bis deep seriousness.

## Visions of the world

WILLIAM GOLDING'S most successful stories are those in which, with apparently effortless brilliance, be uses his imaginabrilliance, be uses his imagination to view the past as though it
were the present. (With the
contemporary world seen directly,
as in "The Pyramid," he is less
bappy.) The three sbort novels
in The Scorpton God are about
the Roman or prehistoric past.
They are vivid, occasionally
horrifying, more often pawkily
funny, written from an attitude
that is botb childish, wondering
open-eyed at marvels, and scboolmasterly, finding rational explanamasterly, finding rational explana-tions for everything.

TO MOST OF US our early years are often deliciously vivid, as it

field-glasses, whereas our adult life is apt to look out of focus,

diminish his knowledge.

through the wrong end of

The title story is about a power struggle in a primitive hierarchical society, ruled by the Head Man through a god called Great House, who bas a kind of court jester named Liar. If Great House is not successful in bringing the waters up to the Notch of Excellent Eating on a palm tree, or if they rise to the Notch of Utter Calamity, he must be sacrificed. The details of this society are invented with immense versatility. There is a young Prince going hlind with cataract, who does not wish to hecome a god, or to obey the law by marrying his sister. The sister, Pretty blosser has already outgreed except Flower, has already outraged coovention by becoming the lover of Liar, who is not ber blood relation. The situation can only be resolved by Golding's Law of superior force.

In "Clonk Clonk" force is joined to cunning to redeem the fortunes of the young warrior Charging Elephant, who is mocked by bls fellow Leopard Men and renamed Chimp, when a damaged ankle makes him limp. Again a bierarchical society, this time based on strength. time hased on strength. The Leopard Men hunt, the women value male children, long for sex. And again, in the conversion of Leopard, it is the details which make the fable as fascinating as a bit of the "Golden Bough." The tbird story, "Envoy Extra-ordinary," is about the unhappy fate of a Greek who hrings to Imperial Rome the inventions of a steam hoat, a pressure cooker and gunpowder. This story has appeared before. It plays rather easily for Sbavian comedy, but is still remarkable, and often very funny. The three tales are the work of somebody with a wbolly original and disturbing view of man's place in the world.

Like much of Iris Murdoch's ecent work, An Accidental Man to drop into Oxford academic life, is an embodiment of Calvinism. to drop into Oxford academic life, cipal characters seem thin, and is an embodiment of Calvinism. their motivation often balling, while his girl Gracie seems an Why does Gracie become shrew-

THE SCORPION GOD by William Golding/Faber & Faber £1.75 AN ACCIDENTAL MAN by Iris Murdoch/Chatto & Windus £2 THE GIRL FROM PETROVKA by George Feifer/Macmillan £1.95 JULIAN SYMONS

siderable and varied comic resources in this long novel. There is some excellent dialogue when Austin is sacked, and a



William Golding: " disturbing view "

splendid passage about an old lady dying, and murmuring a word misinterpreted as "priest" and "peace," when she is in fact calling for the solicitor to change ber will. There are sections told successfully in letter form, and the use of some post-Firbank or neo-Waugh devices. Ilke the frequent mention of characters

who never appear in the book. Yet the figures who survive in memory are the minor grotesques, Mitzi the ex-athlete longing for love, Norman Monkley the blackoffers interesting opportunities mailer and would-be novelist, who for abstract or metaphysical sperulation. Ludwig a first sperulation. Ludwig a first by Austin, and ends up happily generation American who has doing basket-work. By the side of torn up his drait card and intends these splendid figures, the prin-

image of childish openness. The book's other protagonist, Austin Gibson Grey, the accidental man himself, is Ludwig's opposite. He refuses any kind of involvement with passion, jobs, public events, and lives, literally and emotionally, off other people, attended by a bost of loving women. He represents perhaps some principle about the survival of the unfittest.

Miss Murdoch employs considerable and varied comic witching when a professional of the Absurd pulls the strings. the Absurd pulls the strings.

The Girl From Petrovka is a first novel of great verve and charm. George Feifer has been a freelance journalist in Moscow, and the central character. Oktyabring, is a Soviet version of Christopher Isberwood's Sally Bowles. Bebind the eccentric clothes of a drop-out and a mis-leading air of sophistication, Oktyabrina is an innocent from Omsk, a girl affoat in Moscow without money and (more important) without papers. At first she is kept by a Minister, a harassed amiable man with a bad stammer, who cannot imagine why be occuples his high position, and is in due course demoted and sent to the provinces. Oktyahrina moves in with Joe, the American newspaper correspondent who tells the story.

The comparison with Saliy Bowies does not go all the way, for Oktyabrina talks about passion but remains respectable. She admired one man, she says, because he converted his love "into an ortistic assault on my mind," had a platonic relationship with does not sleep with Joe. This way-ward waif hobbing on the bureaucratic sea wears a mulberry-coloured armband to show that she is in mourning for the Minister's exile, makes a mistaken protest when the police are about to arrest a black market speculator, buys a threadbare evening coat because the seller says she wore it on the night of her seduc-tion by Rasputin. The hackground is full of lively detail about things like Russian crosswords with clucs involving quotations from

In Russla an Oktyabrina can-not survive. She is picked up, denounced in the Press, given five years in a labour camp for mall-cious hooliganism. End of Oktyahrina. That, Mr Feifer seems to say without using the words, is what life in the Soviet Union is like for such pretty hutterflies



Yeats (seated, left) and his contemporaries: G. K. Chesterton, James Stephens, Lennos Robinson (atanding); Compton Mockenzie, Augustus John and Edwin Lutyens. This is one of the 138 illustrations from "W. B. Yents and his World" by Micheal Mac Liammir and Cavin Boland (Thames & Hudson £1.95). Mr Mac Liammoir is in "Talking About Yents" at the Duke of York's Theatre until Saturday

#### SHORT STORIES I OSCAR TURNILL

She Knew She Was Right hy Ivy Litvinov (Gollancz £1.90). A quite outstanding set of storles, distin-Victorian-Edwardian childhood in amusing wooing of an agency typist by an emigré visitor (shades of Ann Veronica and The Confidential Agent). .There are also stories set io rural Russia, making much of Russian fondness for English writing, andback in modern London—a liter-ary joke and a particularly wellmanaged portrait of a family being happily unhappy in its own

particular way.

Red-Dirt Marijnana by Terry Southern (Jonathan Cape £1.75). It seems you either belong to putsmoking society or you don't, and Mr Southern offers some choice samples of the fate awaiting people whn try to ignore the "keep out" notices. But on the evidence of Pit-flown, in which four smokers lahour inightily at reuniting a split of globule of

mercury, who wants to get in? Yet the early stories, before the volume tips over into a marvellous evocation of idle callousness of boys with guns on a bot Texan afternoon; and, England, and in Call it Love the 10 be fair, the "pot" stories too. The Innoceot and the Guilty

by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus £1.90). The title is a shade portenious, but the nice stories is covers are continuously entertaining and made with impeccable craftsman-ship. The best are amusing: a thriller-writer leaping to a series of romantic false conclusions about an unknown pulpit-painter. in A Visionary Gleam: a poel's widow (and patropess) ironically obliging every wild hope of a relentless iostant-biographer, in the perfect setting. It is not all sweetness: in The Green Torso, which begins by securing an old-fashioned tale about a withdrawn youth exploring old London, she steps smartly into the Seventies and, just as blandly, skins a hippy charmer 10 reveal the bully underoeath.

The Wheel of Love by Joyce Carol Oaies (Gollancz £2.25). The people in Miss Oates' stories lead such sensitive lives, are so self-

aware, that they should be enviable, but to a man for more ofteo a woman) they lack almost outstanding set of storles, distinguished by charm and style as well as by an infectious radiance of goodwill and love of living. have undeniable power: the relife supportable. Often they are lationship between a Texan casualties of modern American urban living—typically in Conhut there is little here for kill-labourer, an inadvertent killing by a youth gang in New York, the two days after his wife had told him she was in love with someone else, struggles to reacquire his identity, remembering only the crash and that fateful conversation with the wife who will not now leave him. They are totally realised and delineated effect is awfully depressing.

Winler's Tales 17 (Macmillan £1.75). Another excellent collec-£1.75). Another excellent collection, edited this year by Caroline Hobbouse. Harold Acton in The Gift Horse offers a witty portrait of a group of idle well-to-do women linked by the fader charmer who steals objets d'art from each to give to the others: Francis King uses a tennis match 1 The Love Game! to epitomise the rivalry between a younger surgeon and his specialist sensor; Olivia Manning is represented by The Banana House, a cutting portrait of a waspish office spinster first published in our own Magazine; Frank Tuohy submits a neat exemplification of the disturbing differences in the disturbing differences. turhing differences in thought-process hetween East (Japan) and

# Familiar faces

THE FAMILY, like the flag, is no longer sacred. Parents, obedient to Oscar Wilde's dictum, wait to be found out and do not expect to be forgiven. The debunking of family life, once the ungrateful habit only of novelists and other bad characters, bas become a social obligation. And yet . . . Kathleen and Frank were Chris-

topher Isherwood's parents. Those who have reliabed the young Isherwood's gleeful and fantastic iconoclasm will perhaps hope for another round of Gothic elaboration and continents. tion and sentimental outrageous-ness. But the young man who took the train to Berlin at the end of Lions And Shadows and said Farewell to it as a famous and established writer is now nearly seventy years old. He no longer needs to free himself of the shadows or tease the lions. He is, after all, more at home among them than he ever thought necessary or desirable.

His book was made possible hybis mother's habit of keeping a diary. How many modern girls do the same? How many ol them will ever be specifically knowable as Kathleen Machell Smith, of Suffolk, become knowable and finally luvable to her sons? Without her diary and the family letters, which are quoted at excessive length, a whole slice of the past would have slid into oblivion. At first, I am bound to say, one wonders why Isherwood bothers. Kathleeo may have been a beautiful but she was certainly an unremarkable girl. She remained with ber charmless father and her eternal child mother, almost undoubtedly a virgin, until she was over thirty, when she married Frank. Her diary reveals bor to be the vessel of every unthinking, jingoistic prejudice of ber time. She matured so slowly that it was almost as if she were aware of a long life ahead of ber. She did

KATHLEEN AND FRANK by Christopher Isherwood/Methuen £4.50

FREDERIC RAPHAEL

first, as a minor character, always Kathleen leading up to their referred to, rather archly, in the marriage, could fail to cry out third person, like a self-effacing against the regiments of self-Caesar. However, to imagine that this long book is a mere essay in picty is to underestimate the autbor, and his vanity. Christopher slowly emerges from the shadow of the parents from the shadow of the shadow of the parents from the shadow of the whose influence, both alive (in the case of Kathleent and posthumous (in that of Frank), it was once so vital for him to escanc. Now, however, there is a rueful smile on bis face. for be recog-

and forgiving himself.

characteristics. Sartre dismisses childhood and Insists that we make ourselves anew through conscious decision. The primary of the id in modern doctrines of liberation deals a hlow to the significance of character or constancy. Yet it is easier to deny one's heritage than to shed its influence. Isherwood finally emerges almost as a composite of his family. He even had a homograph uppel lock. Conjugate sexual uncle, Jack, Curiously, this largely historical work restores one's confidence in the traditional novel, in the value of the particular. It makes credible. like a single, crucial experiment, the theories expressed by C. D. Darlington in his Evolution of

deception operating between the late Victorians. The dotty scrupulousness of Henry James was not centleman, but the actual coinage

Isherwood's father represses himself to the verge of idiocy; Kathleen is a kind of tinkerbell, kept alive by the fervent devotion of her sultor. Ilow, one wonders, did they ever come to terms with nises them in himself. He even the fleshy truths of the marriage welcomes them. He forgives and bed? Yet Frank was a man, and embraces them; and acknowledges a good one. Though a profesthat be is, after all, embracing sional soldier, he was sensitive and artistic. He was almost two men; the one as conventional as It is, of enurse, against the men; the one as conventional as fashion to believe in inherited a Public School hymn, the other a talented amateur artist and music-lover, both of them com-

Bohemian Frank, the man his applause?

father dreamed of being, hut never was. Just before Frank was killed at the second battle of Ypres, he dreamed of becoming the commandant of kneller Hall home of the army musical academy. Had he survived, he might have been a less daunting, demanding element in Christopber's super-ego. This is a long and sometimes

aclf-indulgently prolix volume, but its longueurs are those of an old novel whose author has carned the right to please himself. The slow approach of Frank's death, in a war none foresaw and all expected to end quickly, is heralded by a series of touchingly good-humoured and uncomplaining letters from the trenches. Kathleen's anguish at his death cracks her patrintic complacency and starts to turn her into the strong, if obsessively nostalgic, mother of Christopher's maturity. Despite its brevity and its formalities, one comes to believe in the true marriage of Kathleen and Frank. Isherwood here joins hands finally with his mendably free of illusinns.

Chrislopher now sees himself with them in take a how. Who as the true son of the repressed, can refuse to join in the

# Another think coming

Practical Thinking by Edward de Bono (Cape F1.93). The indefatigable Dr de Bono goes on and on telling us how to think, producing books almost faster than they can be assimilated. The present volume is most elegantly produced; and the illustrations of Alan Tunbridge are first class. But, and to relate, the contents are buring. There is something Man And Society, Heredity Is ingoistic prejudice of ber time. Man And Society. Herefity is the matured so slowly that it was made respectable again. I am not, of course, suggesting ong life ahead of ber. She did not, die till 1960. I am not, of course, suggesting one, reading the protracted correspondence between Frank and ingenious, fertile, resonrecful.

Give him a problem, and he will uodonbiedly come up faster than 90 per cent of us with a solution. This book is subtitled: "Four This book is sublified: "Four ways to be right. Five ways to be wrong. Five ways to understand." Perhaps Dr de Bono should not be quite so sure that he is right, in spite of the fact that, most of the time, he probably is, "The Use of Laleral Thioking" and "The Mechanism of Mind" are both better books than this; and one can commend them to readers seeking commend them to readers seeking enlightenment on thinking.



'A thoroughly corrupt, gloating salacinus, shoutingly funny book. Axelrod returns to the gambling tables of professional wit, where men fight and dies for a titter, and with his first throw he breaks the bank.' Kenneth Tynan on GEORGE AXELROD'S

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#### IN MY FASHION FASHION PLATES by Ernestine Carter

ORIS LANGLEY MOORE has a way of cropping up on my pages. Mostly these appearances relate to the arkable Museum of Costume ath which Mrs Langley Moore aded. Today it is to herald the lleation of her latest hook, hion Through Fashion Plates

he book is superbly illustrated 5 plates, 72 in colour; and Langley Moore's crisply writ-introduction displays the th and range of her know-ge not only of fashion plates of fashion as well.

'ashion plates were not the esis just of this handsome k. They were the genesis of costume collection, which in was the genesis of her

rs Langley Moore spent her eymoon in London (she had n married "practically stand-on Byron's grave" at knell Torkard). In 1926, she s, wallpaper was unfashionable walls were either painted te or cream. As she and her v husband had not yet any ures, she thought fashion tes (then 1s 6d) would he a orative substitute. The germ collecting was in her blood ., once started, she couldn't
.). Her fashion plale collection,
now gone, she says, "a little
beyond counting."

the began collecting costumes 1928, in order to date her spin plates. At first, she says, seople wouldn't walk up stairs see the clothes, today the sub-

in fact it is gaining so much erest that the Museum of stume in Bath tots up an endance of 100,000 a year—and they pay 30p tu get in."

Founding a museum, says Mrs angley Moore, feelingly, "is a lid that runs unbill all the way, a to the bitter end." Mrs sigley Moore knows whereof she haks. For her, the road goes k to 1955, when after desperly looking for a place to house r collection the Marquess of ergavenny offered her a wing Eridge Castle. Here her

isenm of Coslume was officially ened by the Queen Mother, the Museum remained at adge until 1957. In 1958 and she mounted exhibitions of tume during the Regency stiva at the Brighton Pavilion. ese were so successful that the manent premises in a beauti-Regency hullding which had been a church. They then ided to pull down the courch put up a block of flats tead, and Mrs Moore's lection was once again home-

At this point Mr Hugh Roberts the Exhibition at the Illion. An architect, he was o chairman of the Spa Com-the involved in the restorao of the Bath Assembly Rooms, latever shades of Jane Austen it lingered there had been lished forever during the first r when the Rooms were umandeered by the Royal ling Corps. Royal or not, such laols rarely relief their commodation in the order in job they found them. By 1921. ich they found them. By 1921,



Doris Langley Moore
Photograph by Sunley Devon

Ten years later, a benefactor, Mr Ernest E. Couk (of Thomas Cook) retrieved the Assembly Rooms and made it possible fur th Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings to buy them. Restoration was finally completed in 1938, and the Rooms were reopened by Princess Marina, then Duchess of Kent. Two years after, they were bombed during the first Baedeker raid. Once again, in 1959, they were being restored, this time by Oliver Messel for the

National Trust.
Mr Roberts foresaw that they

Mr Roberts foresaw that they would need an attraction, and he asked Mrs Moore if she would consider putting on an exhibition in Bath, with the idea that if it was a success they would effer her permanent premises. She did; it was; and they did.

For four years Mrs Moore's collection waited in 100 trunks and 50 packing cases. Then the Museum of Costume finally opened in the Spring of 1962.

Being as she says "between museums," Mrs Moore wbo bad designed katharine Hephurn's clothes for "The African Queen" which John Huston directed, which John Huston directed, filled in by doing the clothes for Mr Huston's film on Frend.

Mrs Moore's other great interest is Lord Byron, and she has

published several studies of him. She is now at work on another Byron book, "Lord Byron's Accounts Hendered," taken from his accounts hooks in the John Murray archives. It will be, she says, "the most intimate picture yet given," and she adds, "My knowledge of costume was useful. He was a bit of a dandy."

o a cinema. The lea room a ces room and market.

Here Mrs Moore hopes to found a Fashion Research Centre with

facilities for students to study, and sketch. Here Mrs Moore would like to instal the collection of fashion photographs which The Sunday Times has presented to the Museum. Here would be a library of fashion.

And here she could hang chang-ing exhibitions. Such a centre for fashion research has always heen her primary aim.

Another has been to rationalise the history of fashion. She disputes the masculine notion that fashion is hased on sexual motives, and rejects Professor Flugel's "erogonous zones," theory. As she says in her introduction to her new book, "Sexual hypotheses leave many questions. hypotheses leave many questions begging."

She admits that sexual motives do exist, but there are other motives as well, and to her the main one is social. To her status is "the prime incentive. . . . Fashion is a claim to superiority of one kind or another."

She thinks that today we are going through one of the most interesting periods of fashion. "It's astonishing to be able to see so many different styles, all fashionable," but she fears that such freedom may be followed, history has shown, by a period of despotism—"I don't want," she says, "to go round in a boiler suit like the Chinese."

She finds it curious " the inconvenience people will put up with for fashion. It's within the hounds of possibility that there may he a great reaction toward crinolinea



Dresses, 1893, reproduced from Foshion Through Fashion Plates 1771-1970 by Doris Langley Moore, unticipating the dress by Bellville-Sassoon of the right which in its turn is inspired by Snint Laurent's "Proust" dresses from his winter collection.

or hoop skirts, for the staggering thing is that when an incon-venient fashion goes out, another inconvenient fashion comes in."

The hook is full of Interesting nuggets of information. However, one of her best is not in the book she once asked Mrs Straebey. John Straebeys mother, what in her long life she could remember that had made life more convenient and comfortable. Mrs Strachey replied at once: the invention of the coat-hanger.

Another of Mrs Moore's projects concerns the Museum in Bath. There the same Mr Cook, who presented the city with the Assembly Rooms, has also given a magnificent 18th century house in the Circus.

Have Mrs Moore is a compound of knowledge, common sense, indomitable determination and himour. What other woman in this country has founded a museum? I don't count Queen Victoria hecause she had Albert. Mrs Moore is a compound of





BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL Left, black pure silk poper taffeta, frilled and ruffled. Made-to-measure by Bellville-Sassoon, 185 Sloane Street, SW1,

Centre: black rayon chiffon, pleated and frilled, by Nettie Vogues, £92, at Harrods, London: County Clothes, Cheltenhom; Liringstone Brothers, Leeds; H. H. Truclore, Sheffield.

Right, black velret jump suit, collored in white organdic, gauffertrilled, £150, at Christian Dior-London, 9 Conduit St. W1.



Far left, 40's coot from Yres Saint Laurent's winter collection, drawing by Christian Benais. Left, reol 1945 coat reproduced from Fashion Through Fashion Plates 1771-1970 by Doris Langley 1 saw her just as she flew in from New York. With her streaked ash-blonde bair ("when I don't streak it for a while, it becomes gloomy") pulled back Moore.

UCIANA AVEDON is in London for the British Publication tomorrow of her hook The Beautiful People's Beauty Book. \*On Tuesday, from it until i o'clock she will be signing copies in Harrod's Book Department.

The book, first published in America last February, bas sold 50,000 copies. A paper-back edition will be out in January. Mrs. Avedon is well-qualified to write a heauty book. She is a beauty, and before ber marriage, as Princess Pignatelli she worked. beauty, and before ber marriage, as Princess Pignatelli, she worked for the beauty house of Eve of Roma. One of her jobs was acting as beauty adviser in stores that stocked Eve of Roma products. She says she adored this work because she has "always had a Pygmalion tendency."

Her Pygmalion tendency comes out in the book. "Women like the idea of improvement," she says, and she lists with devastating bonesty the means by which she "improved" herself from what she swears was a very ugly teenager to a famous heauty.

The list includes hypnosis, cell implants, diacutaneous fibrolysis, implants, diacutaneous introlysis, silroone injections, plastic surgery. "You can't," she explains in her slow, deep voice, "talk ahout anyhody else's plastic surgery. They'd hate you for life, so the only person I could talk about was me."

The Beautiful People is a phrase coined in America to describe the rich, the internationally famous, the successful (or married to success), the emulated the envied and, of course, the beautiful. Mrs Avedon, for her book, concentrated on the beauties, from Princess Ira von Fursienberg to Sophia Loren.

She also consulted every expert in beauty, including plastic surgeons from Dr Pitangui in Rio to
Dr Rees in New York, "If you're
going to write a beauty hook," she
"I says, "you have to try anything you think will give you a tip." And she tried out all their recommendations.

In fact, she's been a buman hushand, the colldren, her books; guinea pig. "The amazing thing and she bas been designing is I didn't do anything bad. Nothing's done me any harm, so far. But tomorrow I don't know. She had always designed her. own settings with Bulgari, the Maybe the silicone will be slip-ping down my neck."

Now, she says, she's finished with beauty. Her next book will he on diet. She's interviewing even on diet. She's interviewing even more people, seeing more doctors and clinics. And she's trying all sorts of diets. When she interviewed an actress who kept her weight down by fasting for five days, she fasted for four. "On fruit juices. I had a terrible beadache but it was very interesting."

Mrs Avedon is just back from the States where she went at the invitation of Broadway Stores, the West Coast chain which dip-ped South and East to acquire Nicman-Marcus in Dallas and Bergdoff Goodman in New York. She signed copies of her hook in 18 stores in 18 days—in Los Angeles ("so hig you live in a car") San Diego, Phoenix, Las

streaked ash-hlonde bair ("when I don't streak it for a while, it becomes gloomy") pulled back former Princess Pignatelli, as told from her face, she looked as if to Jean Molli. W. H. Allen. £2.00.



Luciona Arcdon

she bad come fresh from a rest cure.

"Signing isn't too bad. I am the quickest signer in the bust-ness, I can deliver 100 books in an hour. It is not taxing on the brain, not as exhausling as being a travel office for the children.

Mrs Avedon has fire; she had two and Mr Avedon three. They live in Rome, in the flat which Mrs Avedon describes in the

"If I had nothing to do" says.
Mrs Avedon, "I think I would spend the day hetween yoga and the gymnasium." But she hasn't got nothing to do. There are her

She had always designed her own settings with Bulgari, the famous Roman jeweller, and they famous Roman jeweller, and they asked her to design some pieces. In New York, she designed "certain things" for Cartier. The "things" were ropes of pearly onyx and coral or corals and malachite. "Terribly attractive hut not terribly expensive. After all, you can't collect jewellery. All your money would go on pins."

And while she was in New York, she did some commercials for Camay. "I really enjoyed doing them. It's like being an actress.

As she says, she's a curious persoo. She likes trying everything, likes experimenting. But although concerned with heauty, she's not loo serious about it.
"All the doctors say, don't drink, don't smoke and have a wonderful sex life. If you're lucky enough to have them all, you still don't know which is the one that works the improvement." the improvement."

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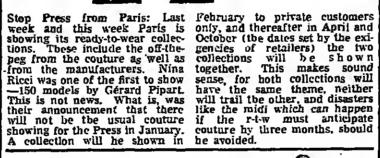
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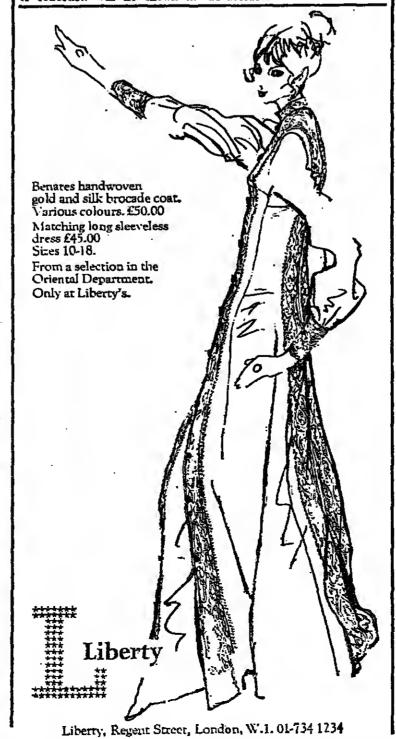
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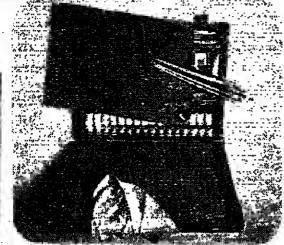
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ments for tubes of paint, hrushes.

bottles of turpentine, etc. The

ing paint off the palette, mixing paint, scraping excess paint from

the picture and it can also be

Pick of our bargains

ARE two Sunday Times Offers which were par-Special Offers which were par-ticularly popular and about which anguiries still come in. It seemed to us that it would be helpful to repeat them.

FONDUE SET (above, left). It's indispensable for entertaining, according to the fondue fans.
For cheese: rub the inside of your fondue pan with garlic. Grate into it 11b Gruyere cheese and pour in 2 glasses white wine. Stir constantly over medium frame until mixture bubbles. Add I tablespoon cornflower blended with i glass of Kirsch and stir mixture bubbles again. Add nut of butter. Drop in pièces of French bread-and est For fondue Bourguignonne: Fill a third of the pan with | butter, cooking nil. and boil on the love. Transfer to the burner and keep very hot. You need about person cut into mouthsize cubes. Have ready asuces which people can choose from to put on their plates: Bearnaise mustard mayonnaise, mushroom provencale, urry, tomato, any you like.
Put a piece of the beef nnto CHITY. a fork and dip into the pan of oir until cooked (about ten seconds). You will soon work out

## SUNDAY TIMES SPECIAL

palette fits over them like a lid when the box is closed. The palette knife is the straight spatula type. It is used for lift-**OFFER** meat doesn't sizzle when it goes in, turn the burner up. Dip the meat into nne of the sauces used for applying paint. There is another knife specially deand eat it remembering that it will he very hot indeed. (If you signed for painting with, shaped like a fine trowel. The brushes are all hog bair except for a small sable brush for making have two forks, you won't get so hungry waiting. One piece of meat cooks while you eat the other.) Accompaniments should be french Accompaniments should be french very small detail marks. At bread and green salad, but £15.75 it is a remarkable buy and

creamed spinach also goes very a most handsome present. To order please fill in this coupon in block letters with a ball point pen. This offer is open to readers in the UK only and up to three weeks should be allowed for delivery.

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#### The smoothest furniture yet

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the oil for your own taste. If the

· For domestic use the smooth finish means no snagged tights and in the contract field it means tbat furniture can stack without any danger of scratching. Every-thing can be used inside or out, it's weather-proof and will not rot or deteriorate.

Roger Wilkes, a specialist in plastics, is the designer.

The range is very large—there



high and low and later there will storage units. It all comes in white, red, yellow, blue or orange but can be ordered in any British Standard colour. Heal's of 196, Tottenham Court Roaad, London, WC2, are stockists at the moment.

TILE MART in Great Portland Street has become well-known among architects, designers and the ordinary public as the place to go and see a large selection of The range is very large—there ceramic tiles from many counare dining-tables, occasional tries. Now they have noened tables, high tubs, low tubs, chairs another, similar shop, selling the



High stool-£9.95

same ranges of tiles and offering same ranges of tiles and offering similar services, but in another part of London—at 107, Pimlico Road, London, S.W.1. The tiles of course are lovely, especially some of the new plain rough-glazed tiles from Italy and France. There's also some nice colourful pottery from France. colourful pottery from France, Sardinia and Italy.

# A shadow of his former self

nervosa that it was the "up-and-foods became taboo, and the coming illness." The phe-taboo could only be broken on nomenon, if not the name, is by highly ritualised occasions. In the now familiar: the victim, usually a young girl, embarks oo a diet which eventually gains control of her and she comes to take a pride in her (by now unattractive) farce in which slices of mushroom emaciation. The illness is nften related to the girl-in-bedsit syndrome.

My husband has been suffering from anorexia for two and a half years. The condition is so rare among men that my busband's case can in no way be regarded as classic; hut it does, I think, highlight essential features.

Our first year of marriage was happy. We both assumed that a stable relationship had helped PORTABLE OIL PAINTING BOX overcome my husband's feelings (above, right). It has compartof inadequacy and insecurity, especially marked since the death of both his parents during adolescence. However, the practical and emotional difficulties on leaving university, where we met, assumed in our case exaggeratedly tragic proportions.

Rather than seeking to change

our situation, or passively waiting for circumstances to improve, my husband channelled his need for my positive action into denying himself food.

My husband has always, in aituations which he lacked the confidence to ride, tended to punish" himself physically. This punishment gives him a measure of security if it works itself, as babit, into the fabric

of his life. He has always, for example, been given to abnormally early rising, and I aaw in his changing eating habits the same kind of quirkiness. If this seems strangely indifferent on my part, it's worth remembering that in most marriages the partners will allow each other some area of private choice, and show respect for idiosyncracies. Besides, the ritualisation, while providing a clue for the initiated, has a meameric effect on those involved.

My husband's attitude towards

SUSSEX TAPES, the company which first bad the enterprising idea of recording well-known academics discussing A-level topics for use in schools, has come up with an even more enterprising scheme, available to anyone interested in self-improvement and with £15 to spare.

That is the price of a year's subscription to the Sussex Library, a collection of over 200 tapes recorded by such notables as A. J. P. Taylor, Asa Briggs, Martin Esslin, Christopher Hill. The topics at the moment are in the fields of English Litera-ture, French, History, Economics and Politics, Subscribers can take out three tapes at a time andideal for isolated students of the Open University and others—the lihary is postal and tapes are promised by return of post. For a catalogue and further information, write to Sussex Tapes, Devonshire Works, Barley Mow Passage, Londom, W4.

Lucia van der Post

A FRIEND (who will remain food gave that aspect of our lives anonymous, as I shall myself). a shape which, in the beginning, said to me recently of anorexia we hoth acknowledged: certain adequate relationship with his father's more acute stages of the illness, alarming importance was attached to an equal division of food. We would act out a solemn mealtime

> china and cutlery. The beginning of the acute stage of the illness coincided stage of the illness coincided with the birth of our baby. My pregnancy had obscured one of the symptoms of his illness, an escape routes offered—for the almost total loss of sexual appetite.

against a hackcloth of crashing

Guilty and humiliated by his sexual inadequacy, my husband punished himself further by eating less, getting up earlier, adding more useless self-imposed tasks to his daily round. All of which had an even more deleterious effect on his sexuality and left him morose and preoccupied.

Although this was the period of his most disturbing weight loss, I still took no independent action. By now fully emotionally involved in my husband's symptoms. I felt guilt at his increasingly skeletal appearance, humiliation at what I saw as my own failure to awaken any residual spark of I was debilitated by a growing hysteria. A further cause of my hysteria I shared with everybody who has suffered through the suffering of the mentally ill: although my husband's mind worked with a logic that was hard to fault, his premises bore no relation to out-side reality as I saw it, and I seized on screaming houts as the one weapon that came to hand.

Our misery was undoubtedly aggravated by the insensitivity and incompetence of other people. Our doctors, while admirable for most day-to-day medical needs, are, like many today, embarrassed by the personal and disinclined to explore the abnormal.

My husband, after a year's

intensive starvation, collapsed at work. The general practice, draw- psychiatrist urges me to see my ing a blank with the likeliest physical causes, sent him away more than four stones underweight without attempting to ex-plore possible psychological canses. Six months later, my husband, baving heard anorexia, and recognising situation at home as intolerable, volunteered the suggestion that this might well be the answer. He was greeted with near dis-belief, and the remark that he seemed "rather ready to talk about himself." He persisted, however, to be told by his eventual specialist that he was unlikely to live longer than two months without treatment

During my busband's stay in hospital, his family only grudgingly admitted that his illness might bave psychological roots. I was told that the most glaring lack in his life was his mother, and I should strive to take her

It was indeed from his mother. as my husband's later psychiatric sessions revealed, that he had learned to place undue emphasis

father: unable to win his father's approval, he lost all faith in the power of his own personality, and came to feel that be could establish an identity in the eyes of other people only by his incredible feats of endurance.

The hospital treatment of anorexia is grim. The psychological roots of the illness are temporarily shelved, and the patient becomes a repository for patient becomes a hospital food. anorexic is as ready to lie and cheat in defence of his obsession as the alcoholic or drug addict. The hospital, then, left its own marks in terms of reduced morale that needed to be erased. My own morale, too, received a

further battering. So, when my husband was released from hospital, rather than heing able to embark immediately on the rosy new life that we had envisaged, we found ourselves confronted by a new set of problems. Because the hospital treatment had effected such a complete physical transformation, we both assumed that his mental state was correspondingly altered. In fact, in difficulty, be will retreat into himself and hia protective routine.

For my part, I feel the weight of responsibility for my bushand's health, and resent his wilful attempts to jeopardise it. I assumed that nince a patient knows why be does something, he finds the means to alter his behaviour. But psychiatry makes no claims to miracles, and our lives bave been punctuated by my shricks of "Why, why?"

My husband's psychiatric sessions, while providing him with a necessary safety-valve, have had a curious effect on me. I feel that our lives have been dissected for an ontsider's exploring eyes, and that I have been reduced to an item in a casebook. The bushand's behaviour in terms of symptoms, not as attacks on me. However, it isn't easy to impose a clinical principle, no matter how valid, on a highly charged domestic situation, and frustration sometimes tempts me to fight with dirty weapons: because the discovery of the anorexia vindicated my feeling that something was wrong. I tend to feel that I have the right to pontificate about my husband's character.
What, then, have we gained?
We've regained our sense of humour, and come to realise the degree of our mutual dependence. But perhaps most important, we're heginning to he able to see personal situations without the aid of traditional stereotypes.

We've lived to disprove the validity of the women's magazine adage that trust is the essential ingredient of a successful marrlage. You can cease to trust your husband, and yet know that what draws you to him springs from the same root as what you distrust. Recrimination ceases to operate at that level.

## The New Beaujolais Race

OR the benefit of readers who at £1.75, lists every kind of sel were unable to get their help group from the Women Sunday Times last week, we are extending the closing date of the competition we announced: the Great New Beautolais Race.

Entries can now be received until the last post on Wednesday. And another thing: since nearly all entrants so far have been able to answer the questions originally set, we are dispensing with them and we will judge entries on the limerick we asked for, based on that tricky first line: There was a young man from

Beaujolais . , . Next Sunday we will announce the names of the 100 best entrants, all of whom will be invited to one of three wine-tastings



to be held in London on November 4, 5 and 6. The winner will then be chosen.

Hatch, Mansfield, the City wine merchants, are sponsoring the competition and will fly the winner out to Beaujolais on the eve of the declaration of the Beaujolais Nouveau (this year the date is November 14). As midnight strikes he (or indeed she) will be the first representative of the British Isles to taste the Beaujolais of 1971. The winner will also receive a quarter hogshead of the new wine (75 bottles).

Send your Himerick to the Great New Beautolais Race, Sunday Times, 12 Coley Street, London, WC99 9YT to arrive nnt later than the last post on Wednesday.

ORE and more help far of bita and pieces.

Stammerers. After our report Doris Schrecker on Mr Robin Harrison and his sure herself bow she came to be stammerers' club last week. Mr chosen for this plum commission Ronald Muirden, Tutor in Stammering Correction writes to point out that the Inner London Educatinn Authority also provides even-ing classes for stammerers in centres at Drury Lane, Fleet Street, Hammersmith and Wool-wich. Further information from "Floodlight," the GLC evening classes guide, price 5p. ORGANISATIONS for and said.

against matters of public concern proliferate at such a rate that it is difficult to keep up. With more and more people wanting to know exactly bow they can be involved in safeguarding the countryside, minimising pol-lution, helping handicapped children, watching public morals there has been a growing need for a guide to all such organisations, and a very good guide is published tomorrow.

Anonymous and the Civic Trust It is an excellent guide for

people looking for a cause of serve or those already in the organisations, and each organisations. tion is given a brief history and explanation of its aims, together with addresses and telephone numbers. THE new ballroom of the London Hilton is not officially open and there on the walls are ten great fabric collages, each 17ft by 10ft 6 inchest all the work of a pretty Windskie don housewife, Doris Schrechelden by the work of the w

Although she'd been trained as painter and had started to hibit her own collages, she had never before attempted anything on this scale. The collages too over not only her life but he whole house for the seven month that it took to produce them ale "I looked everywhere for studio in Wimbledon but their was nothing suitable so m father, who is an engineer devised great screens m which could work the collages. I harde saw the children (she has two sons 1I and 9) and if it hadre been for my parents, who live it a separate flat in our bouse and

who took over the whole day to day running of the children and the house, I couldn't bave donit. "Fortunately my husband, who is the cellist with the Allegr. String Quartet, was away a loof the time, because we took over the music room as well.

My neighbours were wonder ful. When I couldn't get trainer.

workers they all came to my rescue and produced marvellous work. They knotted wool, sewed on beads and stuck on all sorts Doris Schrecker isn't quite

sure herself bow she came to be-Word had got around that a contract for something like £10,00€ was in the offing and eminen artists were applying by the score. But, say the Hilton, even at that early stage Dorig Schrecker proved to have some What is she working on now?" Clearing up the house," she

ONCE again we have to apologise for holding over a

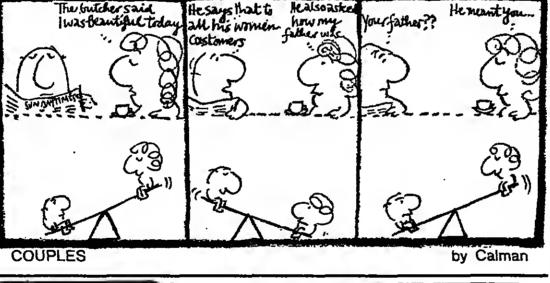
number of promised articles— among them, Caroline Conran on deep-freezing, Molly Parkin on His Clothes and Hers. They will: appear in due course.

The toast of the town is too well-bread To loaf around Do Something by Betty Jerman. On a pedestrian croissant. published by the Garnstone Press Graeme Brinsley Carter On a pedestrian croissant.



#### Agreat coat of military importance

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November issue of Pins and Needles. The cover of this bumper 96 page issue shows a dashing hat and scarf set to crochet. Or look super in our knitted Aran-style trouser suit.
There are 10 toys to knit or sew too, plus how to make a roller blind and curtains.

There's lots more to make, knit and sew, plus a larger lady coat to crochet, and this month's Pin Point Pattern of trousers, tunic and waistcoat pattern for only 18p.

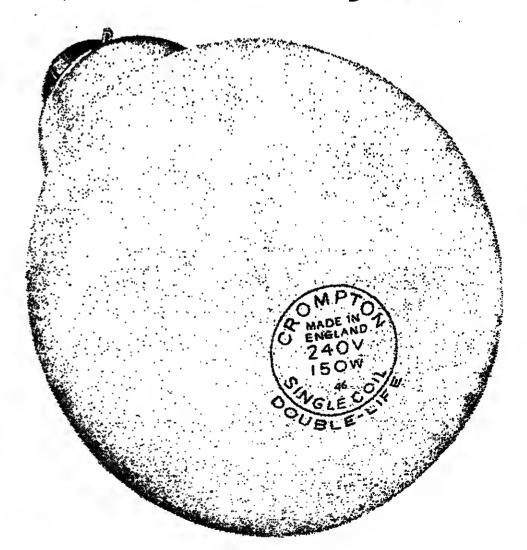
See all the super knitting, crochet and dressmaking designs that are being shown at the Pins and Needles Fashion Nights in Fashion Times. This special magazine includes a free booklet giving instructions for all the 32 knitted and crochet garments in the show.

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صكدا من الاصل



AFTER—Molly Porkin got Pris-cillo's hair done by Roger of Vidal Sossoon. Moke-up from Biba. Above: Missoni trouser suit in Above: Missoni trouser suit in orange or blue, £75. Sizes 10-14. Shiri and rest top included in the price. From Brown's. South Molton Street, W.I, and The Shop. 44 Stoane Street, S.W.I. Felt hat in many colours, £3, by Lee Bender from all branches of Bus Stop:

Jomes Wedge and Pat Booth from Countdown. 137 King's Rood. S.W.3. Jacket. £19.50. Long skirt. £19. cloak £25. Also available, shorts kirt. £7.50. Vest top. £5. Shorts, £5.50. In sizes &12. Mail order 50p. p. & p. Shoes, thick soled and very high-heeled to metal kid with gold or sliver lips appliqued, £17, from Deliss, 41 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. where shoes and boots are made to customers' requirements in as customers' requirements in little as five days. Right: Leopard and tiger printed panne velvet suit and cloak by



SOME time ago Look! attended to the dressing problems of over-weight girls. I still get letters from thin girls saying: "What shout us?" So this is about the thin Priscilla Beecham who lives in Leeds. She's a BA and talks like Twiggy. For a time she worked in London, "a cockney civil aervant" at the British Council. Now she teaches in adult education. She's 24, five-foot-six, seven-stone-two, 32-21-33, and takes five minutes to put her face on. She'a fragila, fine-boned, and makes everyone else look like an elephant.

مكذات الاصل

I've always been this thin, ever since I was nine. I'm sort of a nervous person I suppose. I smoke about 30 fags a day. The trip time I've really over-eaten was when I was 17, unhappy and stuffing all day long. But my weight didn't go up at all, my hips got a bit bigger, that's all. I eat fish and chips and bread and eggs and bacon. And I drink beer. Lots of that, and whisky.

I love sweets and cakes; now and

I love sweets and cakes; now and again I get a spot on my chin but nothing more than that. Oh yes, and I've got a few holes in my teeth.

I've got a few holes in my teeth.

I've given up trying to get fatter.

I used to be most self-conscious and embarrassed by my legs. The knockmees and the gap between the thighs. I'd like to have that filled in. Some people say it's sexier but I don't believe them. I'd like my breasts to be bigger, but not so big that they'd get in the way. I wear half bras with padding underneath to push up what little I've got.

I go in for glamorous knickers.

little I've got.

I go in for glamorous knickers, black with red lace or purple satin ones and see-through stuff. It's no good having little-girl undies when you've got a little-girl body like mine. I wear stockings. Black with a seam, and the sexiest suspenders I can find. I don't go in for tights, my legs are so long the crotch ends up around my knees. Anyway they don't make you feel so desirable somehow.

To like to wear sophisticated stuff.

I'd like to wear sophisticated stuff. I'd like to wear sophisticated stuff. I'm due for a change from the little-girl look, but it's ever so hard to know how to start. I'm knocked out by the things you've put me into here. For the sheer feel of it I like the long velvet leopard thing best. The material, the texture of it is so incredibly sensual. But I distrust the narcissism of it. The wanting to stroke myself.

If I were buying I'd like the shirt-and-trouser outfit, and the hat. It's the comfiest and in any case if I had that on I could get in the pub and the fish-and-chip queue and not feel out

I do a lot of experimental theatre. The group I perform with now is The John Bull Puncture Repair Kit. There are lots of students with us. I've been doing it for about two years, that's probably why I don't mind being so skinny any more. I mean we're all a funny-looking lot. Two little fat men, another who's bald, a six-foot girl and me To tell the truth lt's an advantage to look odd.

Despite a nymphatic denial, the modern myth is said to find little satyrsfaction in cut and dryad offairs. Possibly because her maenaddictions and ultimate harpyness are too sylph-

James Edward Holroyd

# Germaine Greer: me and the Market

European Economic Community, not knowing whether we would settle gently into swensdown or hreak every bone in the body of the state. At least I didn't know. I was terrifically impressed that Hayley Mills and Jilly Cooler and Mary Quant and Lawrence Harvey did know, and said that it would be all right, but I couldn't see where they got their information from. Perhaps they are intimate with the Great, who explained to them all that was left out of the White Paper.

White Paper.
All that I could discern with All that I could discern with any certainty was that, whichever governing party we had, wanted us in, whether the electorate liked it or not, and whether or not "Europe" (as West Germany, France, Italy and Benelux were engagingly dubbed) wanted us or not. Whoever was in control of the country seemed to be committed to getting it into the EEC, even if we had to lash it with a even if we had to lash it with a three-line Whip, but why, in response to what pressure, was not so easy to determine.

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after ringing phrase; we would "maintain reace, increase prospect," (but he didn't say whose), "sustain an active and honoured place in the world."

He said it would cost us all one half of a new penny in the pound, "a small price for Britain's future" (which apparently will not follow unless we buy it) but other honourable men said it would cost more than the German reportations. repsrations.

repsrations.

People living in West Germany wrote about how oice it was to live in an economy that worked, while the United States writhed at the ultimate coat of refloating the Deutschmerk. The poor in Italy didn't manage to write to the Engliah papers on account of illiteracy not having been fully illiteracy not having been fully overcome where they live.

overcome where they live.

Every signpost pointed both ways, but we were only going one way, in. Once in we could never get out, unless of course we were thrown out. What good did it do, my breaking my head to know if I were for or against? Not only did the Fors present completely different "facts" from those cited by the Againsts, but they openly announced that facts were irrelevant. It was "faith rather than figures" that would carry us off and in.

us off and in. Just now I live in what Lord George-Brown calls the new and exciting Europe. The newest (and not very exciting) blt of it is the plastic shoe factory that bloomed overnight in our valley

in Tuscany. It works day end night but it seems to employ very few people. On the hill-terraces all round the peasants still harvest mixed grain hy band and swep it with the haker for s yeer's supply of breed.

haker for s yeer's supply of breed.

We still racket around on unmade roads, but a great black superstrada is creeping across the Valdichiana to unite the anoe factory with the Eurostores that make up the Common Supermarket, clustering in depots on all the major highways, for all the world like the United Ststes. John Sainsbury is in favour of the Common Market, youhetcbs.

Now as my detractors will be

Now, as my detractors will be quick to point out, I have no right to Anglo-Saxon chauvinism. My English blood bettles with all sorts of queer foreign varieties.

WOMAN'S ROLE

Two people and a stewardess were killed in an explosion aboard the 10,000-ton Norwegian cargo ship Anatina.—Sunday Times report (a stip, olas, noted by innumerable

The fact is that Margaret Burbage, women though she may be, is one of the world's top astronomers.—Today radio programme. (Mrs B. Stockford, Banbury Road, Oxford)

(Mrs B. Stockjord, Building Rock, Oxford.)

It is regretted that married ladies (unless separated) cannot be interviewed unless the husband is in attendance.—Letter from Newcomers International magazine.

(Mrs J. Middleton, Sunningdale Crescent, Callingworth, Bradford.)

ALL through the summer, like Alice on her way to Wonderland, we have heen falling into the European Economic Community, not knowing whether we would settle gently into swensdown or hreak every bone in the body of the state. At least I didn't know. I was terrifically impressed that I was terrifically impressed that after ringing phrase; we would after ringing phrase; we

the sorting out that means that nowadays you can huy only eight varieties of lastic huttons in most towns in England. Soon you'll be able to buy only eight varieties of buttons in most of the towns in Europe.

It was Mr Davies, the dear, indiscreet Secretary for Trade and Industry, who finally cemented my opposition to the Common Market. Before he made all clear I had no more than a suspicion that mounting unemployment, relaxation of taxation upon employers, entrepreneurs and the higher earning bracket, the White Paper on Industrial Relations, the Public Relations clean-up campaign of which the Oz trial was the most flamboyant part, were all part of which the Oz trial was the most flamboyant part, were all part of a demonstration by the Tories that they are quite able to be as illiberal as any European administration.

administration.

And I suspected that the suspicion itself was perhaps paranoid. Surely I was crediting the Government and the egregious Ted with too much foresight?

But Mr Davies reassured me.

But Mr Davies reassured me. Explaining the closing of the Upper Clyde Shipyards he said firmly: "We will not move into unvisible concerns and keep them afloat at any cost... The Government intends to try to get entry into the Common Market. Our success in the Common Market. success in the Common Market. Our success in the Common Market depends on our ability to compete with the countries of the Market."

At last I know how the Tories calculate costs. Keeping affoet the Unper Clyde Shippards would

Upper Clyde Shipyards would have cost mere money. Sinking them cost nothing but human misery, frustration and fruitless struggle, and the life of a depressed region.

Well, of course, the Market means thet workers from de-

pressed areas in England can go and work for the Germans and send money home to their families, like the Sicilians and Calabresi do.

Meanwhile the Italians chose Olivla de Havilland as Ted'a frugal English style housewife. beceuse she wore that 1967 Dlor number without embarressment and if you want to know that Princess Margaret is pregnant/ suing for divorce/going blind, the French gutter Press is the most au foit.

Most of us (every married man knows someooe who does not) like to look at the fuel gauge.—Sunday Express motoring column. (Mrs J. Kenny, East Pennard, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.)

Mallet, Somerset.)

As I say, I don't know s thing about daughters. I dare say they are very decorative end it must be nice having them around to help with the housework and gossip to their mother, but surely this is a boy's world.—Columnist in Somerset County Gazette. (Mrs W. A. Goodall, Back Lane, Bradford-on-Tone, Taunton.)

Note: If way are a married

Note: If you ere a married woman living with your husband he should complete the form as if it were addressed to him.—
Inland Revenue Form. (Mrs S. Carmichael, Woolton Street, Liverpool.)

#### Harrods are putting temptation in the way of every woman

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#### NELSON TOUCH

The new Standay Times full-colour wallchart, Nelson and HMS Victory at Trafalgar, has already been chosen to go on sale at HMS Victory in Portsmouth and at the National Markine Moseum at Greenwich. To obtain your copy send a cheque for £1 Implicating postage and packing) crossed and made payable to Times Newspapers Ltd., to Wallcharts, The Sunday Times, 12 Coley Street, London WC99 9YT.



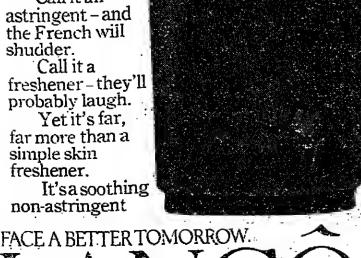


have no English equivalent... Call it an

shudder. Call it a freshener - they'll probably laugh.

ORE-Priscilla Beccham in

Yet it's far, far more than a simple skin



refines the pores. calming broken veins, reducing high colour, leaving the skin refreshed and cool as its never felt before. Tonique by

Lancôme. Perhaps it's one of the reasons why French women stay so sympathique.

very fine clothes

TONIGHTS

OCTOBER 24-30

old (1938) Will Hey-ott comedy of mis-gle Withers, Basil n and out of Jell. B. Morris sings with

Ark Royal as

MONDAY

BBC

by Steua by Steua Indred chik Imore in the Noye ree 7.55

910

10.00 9.50

10.15

11.40-11.55 Aspects of Faith.

ITV REGION BY REGION

11.50 Weathern

s shows the first half of Not Ve Have Visitors (7.05 BBC1)
Rush, ebout a remand homo brought into disrepute.

'ght Linc-Up (1045 BBC2)
s an interview with lill's confroversial biographer

tonight 7.55-9.50).

Ik. Looks at Modern Scotlish Petry:

18.50 Programme Rews. 5.55 [16 st. 14 st. 15]

18.51 Programme Rews. 5.55 [16 st. 15]

18.52 Programme Rews. 5.55 [16 st. 15]

18.54 Programme Rews. 5.55 [16 st. 15]

18.55 Programme Rews. 5.55 [16 st. 15]

18

Weekend 2.00 Gardeners' QuetStrom Imm. 2.00 Play: A Cope
Shawe. Sichaed Briers, Gene
Matched. 4.00 Talking About
Antiques. 4.30 The Living World.
S.00 in Touch. S.13 Doen Your
Wary turn Bucks. 5.25 Weather
Hands: part 3.7.00 Desclose
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the Hands: part 3.7.00 The Strongs Case
of Inspector Whicher: story of his
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his dramatic story: Weather, 10.00 News, 10.10 Chosen, Campanique: Sir Aite Guinness chosen, T. S. Ellot-readings, 10.50 Epilope: Weather, 11.00-11.15 News.

S.00 Sanday Sestor: mapazine.

11.15 Hewrs Shipping: Weather.

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12.25 Heyrs 11.45 offer Sove.

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Liber Oyrun 9.00-3.8 Shipping Sayy A Swalte. Merthern Infrand: 4.30 pm.5.00 With My Head in the County. 11.15 Mysie.

nt. Music Box. 9.00 News: Weelker. 7,35 Poys by Peets of Our Time:
In Junch. 10.02 Mc Cheel T. L. No. 8: The Loris and The Bardy of Time:
In Junch. 10.02 Mc Cheel T. L. No. 8: The Loris and The Bardy of The State of The State

Anglia, tonight 7.55-huppy face and for-a adaptation about e r called up for tha nde's splendid fathar

The Flends (London, Monday • 10.30-12.35). Dubbed version of Les Diaboliques. Thero's a child in all of us thet begs "Daddy, frightan me," declared Henri-Georges Clouzet when he made this in 1984 and, by golly the child must have been scared out of its wits hy what Daddy Came in with the control of the co

Ho Whn Rides a Tixer (Tucaday of 20-11.00). Obscure most recent (1968) movie of vuteran Charles Crichton is shout recidivist who gots involved with orphenago girl thinking sho's rich; Tom Bell, Judi Dench.

BEST FILMS

RADIO

If I Had a Million (Saturday • 11.30-1.00 km, BBC2). Series of episodes

and recantly-radiscovered Ann-Mergret. But George Sidney's over-ell direction is bolow par.

LIKE ALL GREAT ideas, it was so aimple that nobody had recognised tho obvious until Granada producer Johnnic liamp suggested putting the best of the stand-up comies knocking about the Northern club circuit in front of an audience and stringing together the jokes that got the biggest laughs. But since it started a few montha ago, The Camediaus (0.00 some ITV; other times elsewhere) has proved the biggest light entertainment hit for years, regularly hitting the Top Twenty (No 14 in tha latast list—a considerable feat at its time-slots) and appaaling to all atrata of viewers—though perhaps not everyone laughs at the same jokes. All the comies get equal billing and weges (not in the top bracket), but inevitably some stars have emerged; look out laugh, please It's free-so

williams, who may be getting his own show. Other spin-offs far the programma include a forthcoming LP and a music hell tour.

The Comediana is one show where the studio audience is absolutely justified, indeed necessary. Normally thoy fit only too well into Willis Hall and Boh Monkhouse's definition in their new book of jokes, "The AZ of Television" (Pelham, £1.75), "a cross-section of the general public, more than willing tu travel hundreds of miles, avereager to pay its own expenses, in

order to watch a comedy show devised to be seen to ita best nidvantuge viewed alone and in the quiet of a living-room." You can hear them nudging us where to laugh during Please Sir ! (5.30 ITV) and the Ifarry Secombe Show (8.10 BBC1). It's amozing what they find to laugh at during the long dull bits of The Marty Feldman Comedy Machine (9.25 some ITV; other times other regions). They are apparently giggling away oven during the opening captions. It makes one suspect that other machine, the one they have in the Ststes that duba on pre-recorded laughter. Either that, or Marty does a marvellously good warm-up One Joy not to be missed by connoisseurs of humour and old movics: If I Had n Million (11.30 BBC2, see Best Films) for Charles Laughton's Lubtsch-directed silent walk through innumerable affects when he hears the news of his good fortune, to ace the hoss. No atuito audience required here.

Humanising the mad monk SPECIAL

The mal

ing of

2

DAY

week's

television

Compiled

by

Elkan

Allan

WEDNESDAY

Idka Genghis Khen, Byro Hitlar, Rasputin is one of tho torical characters who really but who seems more fictitiou fiction; it is said to be author ector's triumph—together diractor Alan. Cooke and procedure Messins—to heve med completely believable. He en as neither

impertinent to ndhi with Yuil do share more headlings. Under historie's tactful new short series, 20 some BBCI), igea, as does the ister from e for the figure into a le claims to be a maniting at the e broke a man's itching it in his peze hand and e smart businessall the rights to Saven Samaurai it and turning it ent Seven. Relecting included.

vogus are speaking; tharo Is one entertaining sequence when old school church Cyrl Connolly joins the photographer royal et tea in tha Ritz in a rondering of if You Were tha Only Girl in the World. And there is on a piece of naw information: posh photographers don't ask you to say Chaese any more: tha world is "Leabian."

Exactly what MT Balley had to do with it all besides gathering the beautiful peopla he knows to talk about Beafon is unclear; he neither photographed nor directed it and there was only too obviously no script for him to writa. He gets a "producar" credit and keeps popping up in it in various floppy caps to take pictures of Beaton and to chat rather ungraciously with him, but other than that he seems to have a been under the impression that putting his better-known friends in front of the camera and cutting together what they had to say about that she at any rate the nothing useful to say shout the subject he not only has the nerve to use her emberrassed remarks but to show her saying them three times over. The Playshouse that it has unfairly forced out of the nine o'clock slot is another ATV production, Beneselb the Tida (10.30 ITV) by John Wastigate, which has gentla Hugh Burdan —Mr Reedber—Jearning to come to terms with the new generation in the person of his long-haired acvenges here when it deres to raise that outlated old canard, "Are woman drivers that bad?" in Jayved by John Wastigate, which has gentla Hugh Burdan —Mr Reedber—Jearning to come to terms with the new generation in the person of his long-haired acvenically is looking at ears not on show at Earle Court, Floodilt Rugby League (8.40 BBC2) adds to a sporty light with a first round match between Wigan and Widnes, Eddic and rugby is looking at ears not on show at Earle Court, Floodilt Rugby League (8.40 BBC2) adds to a sporty light with a first round match between Wigan and On Camera (10.20 BBC1) and to a porty in the sport of the Baurdily-named The Old Grey Whisile Test (11.05 BBC2). And how three dergymen led a successful fight THE PURELY PUBLIC service elements in television have tended to dwindle with the years. True, the odd COI announcement is popped in after the innehtimo News (1.45 BBCI) and ITV fills out poorly-subseribed commercial breaks with reminders to claim social security and cross the road carefully, some paid for, others not. But the switch to decimal money was largely unhelped by the medium, and there is almost anthing on ahout fixing in incume tax forms or utilising in

SATURDAY



Other Points of the Compass (9.20 BBC1). As for LWT's The Feun Street Gang (8.30 ITV), this collection of Youth Today is the opposite of public service; its ill-mannered, ill-specking products of Please Sir's school encourage imitation; tandicht's is about Duffy and Sharin's romance.

full benefits of the welfare state and medical services. So Breast Cancer (8.00 BBC2) and how to spot tha first signs, repeated from the Television Doctor series, is particularly welcome. So are Ed Bermon's revolutionary ideas that work in practice for providing creative play for children in inter-Action (12.25 pm ITV-London). They should be worth more than ten minutes at an absurd time in one aree only.

Apart from Review (0.20 BBC2), which tends to be a bit esoteric with a solo from the Ballet Rambert, the changing face of Bolgravia and an interview with Francis Bacon, the rest of the night is dedicated to puro entertainment, if that's the word.

The Onedin Line salls on with troubles for the young ship-owner and a sexy choice fur his sister in

Not always such

FRIDAY



cond in Lord (9.20 cond in Lord Chaldistinguished old was Willy Brandt;
Lee Kuan Yew of Sherre Trudeau. As Jaifont is a canny in Freaman and the Freeman's clarity, such into his authors had hitherto mada a remote figure on a slive as a warm, who has had great in her. It is shot try and takes her in logical way through life. Childhood in England; long affar tha rest mily was arrasted; long affar the remote figure of the her finds and Hahatma Gandhi, nerrying (no king the eye of the Rajier, nerrying (no king) and drifting apart ar fether's hostess; pitng tha role of herself under pro-Melcolm Brown en-literesting conversys-relevant erchive y album pictures, and her hast third to icles ("was have no urbing the nine mile film the week; see this you will find your this hitherto imperitate es a friend or ies dominate the ch with an interch with an interMrs Gandhi, Yul aton. Two of theaton. Two of the-

THURSDAY

-in or out? Over to the vote

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS votes to take us into Europa tonight after six days of debate, end 24 Hours ix days of debate, end 24 Hours is pulling out all the stops for an hour-long report from Westminster. The Great Decision (10,10 BBC1). That familiar makeshift studio in Parliament Square is pressed into service again; leaders of all sides will give a post-mortan; Bonn, Brussels and Paris will contribute bits; and thero will be a complete run-down of which way avery MP voted, plus the future timetable. ITV is in a quandary because tha voted, plus the future timetable. ITV is off tha air. ITN has spent £12,000 rn a special outside broadcast effort for an extended News at Ten (10,00 ITV) with Alletair Burnet. But check with the evening papers for a complete rescheduling. The logic of the altuation would be to switch This

Week to 10.30 to merge with the News and replace Chema (10.30 ITV), which is showing clips from the film of Monty Python, Confusing. If some viewers find Evelya (9.20 BBC1) by Rhys Adrian familiar it

is because it started life as a radio play and has been beard more than once. It was good enough to win the 1970 radio Italia Priza. Edward Woodward, taking time off from both Callan and the National Theatre, is e self-conscious 40-year-old desporataly trying to retain a youthful charm; Angelo Scouler is a rather sloggy girl be aces every Tuesday; Phyllida Law is his wife. The last repeat for some time of Bionty Python's Flying Circus (8.30 IBBC1) includes the semaphore version of twithering Heights end come mad film-trallers, with the Spanish Inquisition as a running gag. Trial gets even more peripheral with a play about a civil aervent who has anly the remotest connection with the case and is afraid he might be named; Moray Watson is Mr X (8.30 IBC2) by Robert Holmes. Cincma (10.30 most ITV), atil drifting without a front man, trails a few current releases including A Gunfight. Those driven into a frenzy by the ineptitude of Bachelar Father (8.00 BBC1) might like to note that the BBC is inviling letters to get the returning Talkback going next Friday.

Softly, Softly,

daring, daring

CLEVER DICKS Barlow and Watt get nicely connect by a stranger at the start of a Softly, Softly by the considerable writer Elwyn Jones. After this little Joka, Aberration (8.10 BBC1) scilles down to a grim tale of theft and blackmall; surprisingly, the title refers to a sexual one which has almost certainly never been discussed on television before. While it would be unfair to the plot to reveal which is the relevant chaptar of Krafft-Elping, there is no doubt that using it as the main theme of a "family" series will upset Festival-of-Lighters. At the same time, those who believe that society is healthler for having its darker corners illuminated will be impressed. If this episods were a alngio play, and not port of a police series, there would be much post-hoc reviewing of it and probably a discussion on Late Night

Line-Up (10.55 BUC2). Interesting to see if Aberration provokes nnything of the same.

The Search for the Nile ends with Stanley's proof of its source in Canquest and Death (9.20 BUC2) by Michael Hastings. But the dashing young journalist of last week's opisode has turned into a ruthless explorer, not abuve shooting deferenceiess Africana as punishment for disobeying him. While Stanley is successing. Sir Richard Burton is in exile in Trieste. On his death, his wife commits the famous literary crime of burning all his manuscripts and notebooks leet his translations of crolic Eastern poetry discredit their Victorian menago my further—she would have been an enthusiasite member of the Netional Viewers and Listenars Association.

The highly professional Max Dygraves Show (8.00 ITV) precedes a Family at War episode, The Things You Never Told Ma (9.00 ITV) about Margaret's difficulties in telling John about her affair. She nead not have worried quite so much, as she discovers. Sportsnight with Coleman (9.20 BCI) shows the finals of the indoor tennis championahips from Wembley, well worth the £20,000

Wills are putting up for prize money when they can get their Embassy eigarettes plugged this way, now that advartising them on ITV is banned. And in Professional Wrestling (11.00 ITV) At Nichol fights Ted Heath. No, not that one.

